* July 8, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW AIRFIELDS GROW ON MUCK, ON SAND, ON TUNDRA

ON WORLD-WIDE battle fronts America's planes are taking off on missions against the enemy —taking off from desert sand, jungle muck, or Aleutian tundra.

In a matter of days, bulldozers shove aside the muck or level the sand. And giant cranes lay steel landing mats that are bolted into a landing strip.

Look at the engines in these bulldozers and cranes. You'll find familiar friends—the same friends that power tanks and trucks, landing barges and patrol vessels, tractors and auxiliaries—General Motors Diesels.

And in these rigorous jobs of war, a promise is being written—a promise of plentiful, dependable, easily maintained, low-cost power for America's needs in the peacetime days ahead.

GM Diesels—because they are smaller in size, lighter in weight—propel boats farther, and for longer periods, with less fuel. They'll handle the catch, supply power for the refrigeration, and hasten deliveries —all with marked savings. Under the impulse of war, production has so advanced that this dependable low-cost power will be available for greatly extended use in peacetime.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
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ENGINES..15 to 250 H.P... **DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,** Detroit, Mich.

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What—*in this world*—do you want?

Ahead—lies a great new world.

Out of the smoke and blood and pain and the disaster of war there can rise a new dignity for humanity.

A new breadth of vision—a new joy of living—new comforts and leisure—new possessions and new happiness.

What—in this world—do you want?

Ask yourself—and answer yourself. For upon you rests the decision of what you'll get . . . what you'll be . . . A family with a better house? A merchant with a better store? A student with a better curriculum? A mother with more breathing space for her children? A worker with better pay? A teacher with a sunnier classroom? These are the simple desires and rights of—you, the people.

Yes—simple desires. But not simple of achievement.

As each decade has made America greater, it has made it more complex. And, so, such matters as complete and gainful employment, better homes, better schools, better pay, fuller lives cannot be brought about merely by wishing and dreaming of them.

They must come through hard-headed thinking and far-sighted planning and a true understanding on *your* part of the interdependence of yourself and the folks next door and the man you work for and the folks who work for you.

The Blue Network is more than a lot of radio stations jointly broadcasting a lot of programs. It is a medium of information and enlightenment. It is a force that brings you knowledge and discussion, education and entertainment so that you can choose the path that you shall follow in concert with other people who share your ambitions and desires.

It is *your* voice on the Air.

Listen—and answer—and decide—"What—in this world—do you want?"

THIS IS THE **Blue** *NETWORK*

AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are involved in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. The cast includes Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

For Keeps—A somewhat routine play about a child of divorce, chiefly notable for an extremely attractive performance by young Patricia Kirkland. With Frank Conroy and Julie Warren. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 8.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon in a comedy that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officer Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. More interesting possibly as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing but is certainly something for you to see. The cast assembled by Herman Shumlin includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted but still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Claudia Morgan, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Fri. Eves. at 9; other Eves., except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 8.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 15.

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—The New Opera Company's revision of a nineteenth-century operetta. A somewhat haphazard production but the Offenbach music is a delight. The cast includes such variegated performers as Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. at 2:35 and Sun. at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays subdued dance music in one of our nicest summer resorts.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Eddie Heywood's orchestra, and Mildred Bailey, who will be replaced by Burl Ives on Mon., July 10.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This old reliable has jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Never a quiet moment. Bert Wheeler heads a rather ramshackle show and there are Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the stately Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room there are songs, more than complete with gestures, by Hildegarde, and dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A lovely pink setting for dinner, supper, and/or romance. Fred Miller's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's band plays for dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof; after the theatre, there's a trio of acrobats as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the sombre décor here is relieved by Eddie Mayehoff, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a haphazard show full of toothsome young ladies, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and rather elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra plays for dinner, and alternates with Louis Prima's band at the supper hour. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Mostly for Music—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon; no dancing. . . . **pied piper**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): a fine band, headed by Max Kaminsky's sweltering trumpet; in between times, James P. Johnson contributes neat slow-drag piano solos; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, featuring Pete Brown, which is all you need to know; no dancing. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): gaudy piano

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This is our Mlle. Touché...

MLLE. TOUCHÉ is a volcanic French woman who sells perfume at Saks Fifth Avenue and writes weekly memos to the vice-president about how to improve the store. Some of her suggestions—such as an elaborate new way to page floor managers—sound like the Ed Wynn invention for eating corn-on-the-cob, but the vice-president always says hurriedly, "*Very* interesting, Mademoiselle."

Before getting into perfume Mlle. Touché was a full-time concert singer. Now she spends her evenings singing at war benefits, and graces Saks with her presence five days a week. It's quite a presence, partly due to the fact that Mlle. T. wears the darndest, chic-est hair-dos in greater New York. Occasionally, a male customer will take one look at her coiffure and freeze on the spot, glassy-eyed. One dignified gentleman was so thrown off balance that he muttered, "I've forgotten what I came to buy. All I can think of is how much I'd like to mess up your hair."

Mlle. Touché takes a passionate interest in helping choose the kind of perfume that suits a woman customer, but the casual shopping methods of American men thwart her artistic talents. "So a man say he haf come to buy a bottle of perfume," she told us. "So I ask him for what kind of a lady and he respond 'She's my wife. She haf sort of brown hair.' " With a Gallic shrug, Mademoiselle inferred that this is a very dull way to describe a woman.

Oh Mlle. Touché—where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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playing by Art Tatum, and Tatum's trio and a band for dancing. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, his clarinet, and his band; no dancing. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio.

AL FRESCO—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVE. HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

ART FOR THE HOME FRONT—A hundred contemporary American paintings which will later be sent on a tour of war plants and industrial centres: Feragil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., July 12.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of the artist's nephew. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 24.

THOMAS EAKINS—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

EUROPEAN—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 15.

FRENCH—At the BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 14. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

GROUPS—At the REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . ARTIST ASSOCIATES, 138 W. 15: members of this coöperative gallery, including Chuzo Tamotzu, Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and Esteban Soriano. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 15. . . . PUMA, 108 W. 57: paintings by Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings which have been shown here during the past season (through Fri., July 7); also, a small theme show about the theatre, with work by Doris Lee, Thomas Benton, Adolf Dehn, and others (through Mon., July 10). Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 28. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: painting and sculpture by members of the gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 7. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: pictures by Chagall, Dali, Hélion, Miró, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Peter Hurd, Andrew Wyeth, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28.

MAX LIEBERMANN—A memorial show of work by the German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., July 8.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30), a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

ENRIQUE MORET—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and artists who have worked with him (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

O'KEEFFE, MARIN, AND DOVE—The recent output of these three artists: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 15.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG—Paintings and pastels by a Pittsburgh lawyer: Feragil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., July 12.

LOUIS SCHANKER—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 14.

MARIA SWARTWOUT—Flowers and still lifes: Kohn, 608 5 Ave., at 49. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 21.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony—Conductors: Alexander Smallens, Thurs., July 6, and Wed., July 12; Vladimir Golschmann, Fri. through Sun., July 7-9; Efrem Kurtz, Mon. and Tues., July 10-11; Leonard Bernstein, Thurs. through Sat., July 13-15. Highlights: all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano, July 6; Ania Dorfmann, piano, July 8; Marian Anderson, contralto, July 10; Nathan Milstein, violin, July 13; Leonard Bernstein, piano, July 14; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, July 15. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue busses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square nightly, beginning at 6:44 P.M., at twelve-minute intervals.)

NATIONAL NEGRO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting selections from "La Traviata," "Aïda," and "Faust": Sun., July 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, piano, Thurs., July 6; Donald Dame, tenor, Fri., July 7; Helen Moore, piano, Tues., July 11; Hardesty Johnson, tenor, Wed., July 12; James Friskin, piano, Thurs., July 13; Kraeuter Trio, Fri., July 14. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave. at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . Program of folk singing and dancing presented by the League of Composers and American Common, Tues., July 11, at 9 P.M.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs., July 6, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri. and Sat., July 7-8, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 9 (doubleheader, war-relief benefit), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., July 14-15, at 2:30 P.M.

GOLF—New Jersey State G. A. Pro-Amateur and Open Championship, a benefit for the Red Cross, Fri. and Sun., July 7 and 9, Montclair G. C., Montclair, N. J. . . . Long Island G. A. Amateur Championship, qualifying rounds, Mon. through Fri., July 10-14, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L. I.

RACING—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., through July 29. (The Empire City, July 8; Demoiselle Stakes, July 12; Fleetwing Handicap, July 15.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships, men and women, Sat. through Sat., July 8-15, Montclair A. C., Montclair, N. J.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L. I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sat., July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—New York Y. C. Overnight Race, Larchmont breakwater to Stratford Shoal and back, Sat., July 8, at 8 P.M. . . . Championship regatta on the Sound: Indian Harbor Y. C., Sun., July 9, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., 5 Ave. at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 4. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Signal Corps films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

CITY PLANNING—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

AMERICANA—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: models of famous old American ships; old uniforms, logs, and letters; the diary of an ensign who was with Perry in Japan; and other material relating to the history of the U. S. Navy. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloists, John Corigliano and Michael Rosenker, violin, Sun., July 9, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 7 and 14, and Wed., July 12, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., July 8 and 15, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Baseball: all-star benefit game between the American and National Leagues, Tues., July 11, at 8:55 P.M., WABC. . . . Racing: the Empire City, Sat., July 8; Fleetwing Handicap, Sat., July 15; at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (via shortwave), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:20 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Ray-

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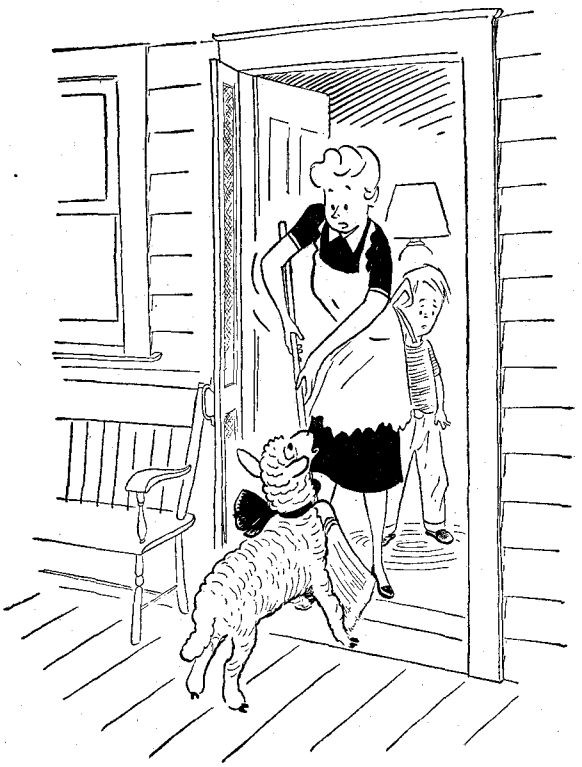

Did you ever have a pet lamb?

'Way back in the Nineteenth Century, Messrs. Currier & Ives recorded in immortal picture that boyhood tragedy "Sale of the Pet Lamb." Few country-bred men can look at it today without being stirred. There is more to it than nostalgic sentiment: it illustrates somehow the inevitability of growing up. Boys become men and have to look after such things as corporations, wars and advertising agencies. Little magazines grow big—like FARM JOURNAL with more than two and a half million circulation, kept in check only by paper shortages.

• • • •

More significantly, this old print suggests the country ties and interest which make the FARM JOURNAL so well-loved by its readers. For this magazine, modern as it is in such things as farming methods and farm home appliances, has a long history of friendship. Millions of rural families have grown up with it. It is probably as thoroughly read and as influential as any periodical ever published. Moreover it is by far the largest of all rural magazines.

Of the **FIRST FOUR**
General Magazines
ONE
covers the rural market

FARM JOURNAL AND *Farmer's Wife*

GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher* — *Washington Square,* **PHILADELPHIA 5**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 15.

mond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ATTACK!—The Army's film of the New Britain campaign, another in their series of splendid documentaries. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., July 11-12.)

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—A familiar story, though some of it, in this version, may not be entirely recognizable. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 7.)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—The consequences of a girl's marriage to a charming but degenerate aristocrat. Deanna Durbin and Gene Kelly hold up well under heavier drama than they're accustomed to. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

COVER GIRL—Long and lavish, with music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers, and many beautiful women are in the cast. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 8.)

48 HOURS—One of those deft British jobs in which every character is a character. This one is about a village under attack by German paratroops. Leslie Banks and others. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 14.)

GASLIGHT—Not quite as well acted as "Angel Street," a play with the same story now running on Broadway, but just about as scary. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., July 12. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., July 8-11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Thurs., July 9-13. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 11-15.)

GOING MY WAY—An easygoing, homespun account of some of the practical functions of the Catholic Church. Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., July 11.)

THE HAIRY APE—Not the way Eugene O'Neill tells it but still a pretty good story. William Bendix as the coal heaver, and Susan Hayward as the girl who calls him an ape. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

HOME IN INDIANA—A fine, easygoing movie about life in the Midwestern harness-racing belt. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., July 11.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Ginger Rogers, as a magazine editor, is psychoanalyzed in Technicolor. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Mischa Auer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., July 8-10. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., July 11-13. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., July 12-13.)

THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS—The biography of an imaginary but versatile felon. It's slow, but it has a lot of villainy. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Zachary Scott. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., July 13.)

THE MEMPHIS BELLE—One B-17's part in a mission over Germany, clearly and dramatically shown in an Army documentary. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., July 6. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 11-13.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON—Once more, Bette Davis puts some punch in a long and often foolish picture. Claude Rains plays the title rôle, and she plays the giddy wife. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

ONCE UPON A TIME—Cary Grant, Janet Blair, and James Gleason in some whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. It's funny but not so funny as you might think. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE—Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet up to their ears in adventures among the Fighting French. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., July 7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., July 8. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., July 9. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 7-10. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., July 8-10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., July 11-13.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—Not altogether like the book, the changes being mainly for the better. Robert Walker, Donna Reed, and Keenan Wynn. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., July 10. . . . Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 12.)

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL—About a Navy doctor who evacuated some wounded men from Java in spite of Japs and high water. Fine when it sticks to facts. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR—Jimmy Durante steals a variety show which also has Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Gloria De Haven, and Van Johnson. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 6. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 7-10.)

BALL OF FIRE (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., July 7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., July 8-10.)

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 11-13.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Mon., July 10.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH (1943)—The latest version of the old reliable story. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, and Alexis Smith. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 10-11.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., July 11.)

DEAD END (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 7-10.)

HOLY MATRIMONY (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields, and Monty Woolley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 6.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., July 11-12.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME (1943)—About a national hero and concealed Fascism in America. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 6.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 11-13.)

THE LITTLE FOXES (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., July 7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., July 8-10.)

THE MALE ANIMAL (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. and Sun., July 8-9.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Tues., July 11.)

POT O' GOLD (1941)—Mild comedy and a pinch of music, with Paulette Goddard and James Stewart; now called "Jimmy Steps Out." (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., July 12-13.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 7-10.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., July 10. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; through Wed. Aft., July 12. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., July 12.)

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL (1939)—John Garfield as a fighter with underworld troubles. (R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., July 11-12.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer." With Sylvia Sidney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 11-13.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, produced by the War Department, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., JULY 9**: "Divide and Conquer." . . . **FROM MON., JULY 10**: "The Battle of Britain."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc., women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to take a short training course and then work several hours a week in canteens for war workers (PL 3-6487). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six daytime hours a week aiding in the care of patients and in nutrition departments, doing clerical work, and acting as librarians.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

WAR LOAN DRIVE—The Fifth War Loan Drive will continue through Sat., July 8, and the C. D. V. O. and the A. W. V. S. still need volunteers to work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Association's warehouse at 420 E. 54th. . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, and pool or tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A. W. V. S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park Ave., at 33rd (MU 5-1976). . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38th (LE 2-0886). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds (especially drums) are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538).

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I CAN BE INFLUENCED
BY FRIENDS' OPINIONS ABOUT
MY HATS
MY DRESSES
MY ACCESSORIES

but never my face powder

because that's so very personal it must be made-to-order exclusively for me... right before my eyes... influenced only by my very own skintone . . . and

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

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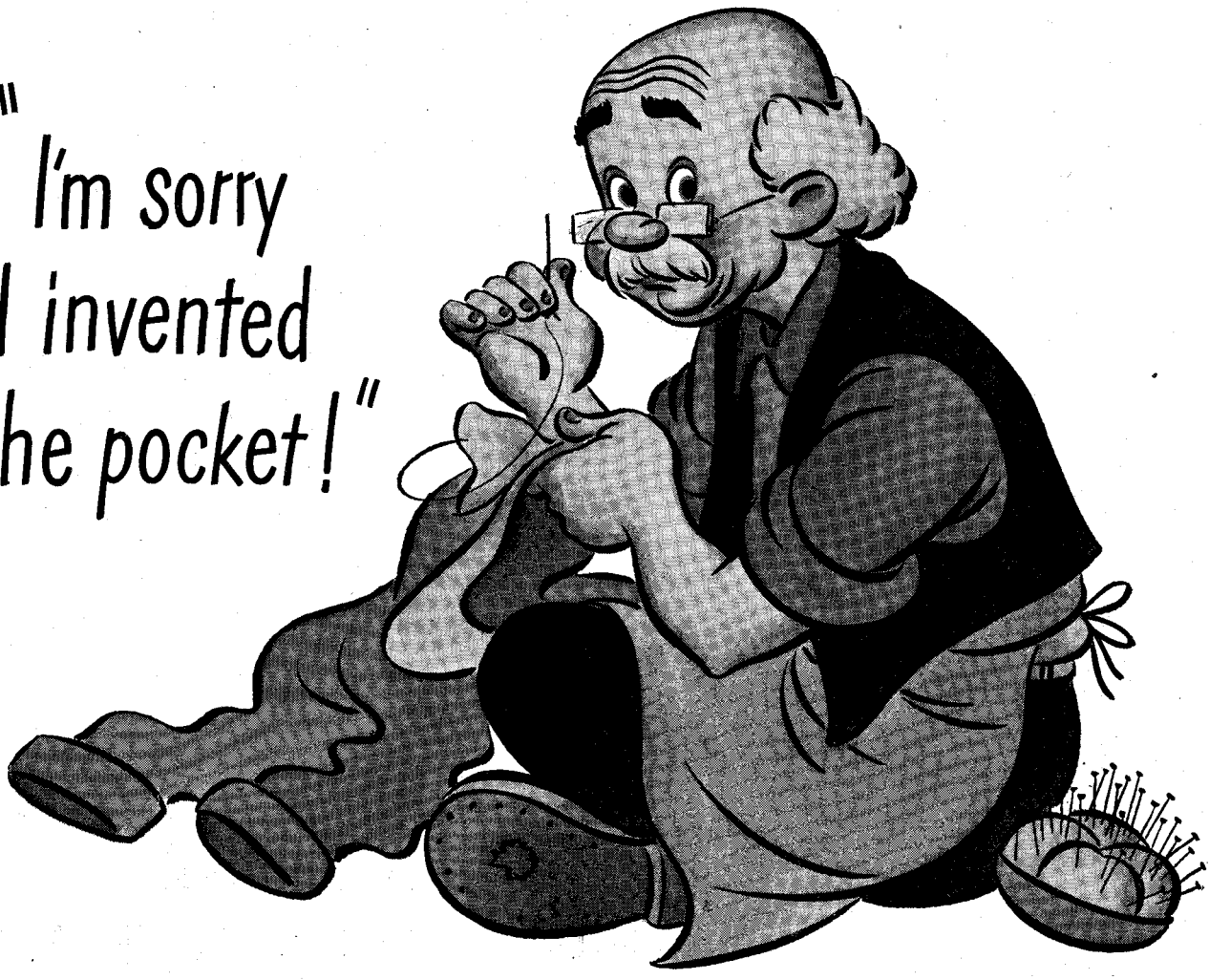
"I'm sorry I invented the pocket!"



IF I HAD KNOWN that some Americans would be using pockets to hold all the extra money they're making these days I never would have invented them.

POCKETS ARE GOOD places to keep hands warm.

Pockets are good places to hold keys . . . and loose change for carfare and newspapers.

But pockets are no place for *any* kind of money except actual expense money these days.

The place—the *only* place—for money above living expenses is in War Bonds.

Bonds buy bullets for soldiers.

Bonds buy security for your old age.

Bonds buy education for your kids.

Bonds buy things you'll need later —that you can't buy now.

Bonds buy peace of mind—knowing that your money is in the fight.

Reach into the pocket I invented. Take out all that extra cash. Invest it in interest-bearing War Bonds.

You'll make me very happy if you do.

You'll be happy too.

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

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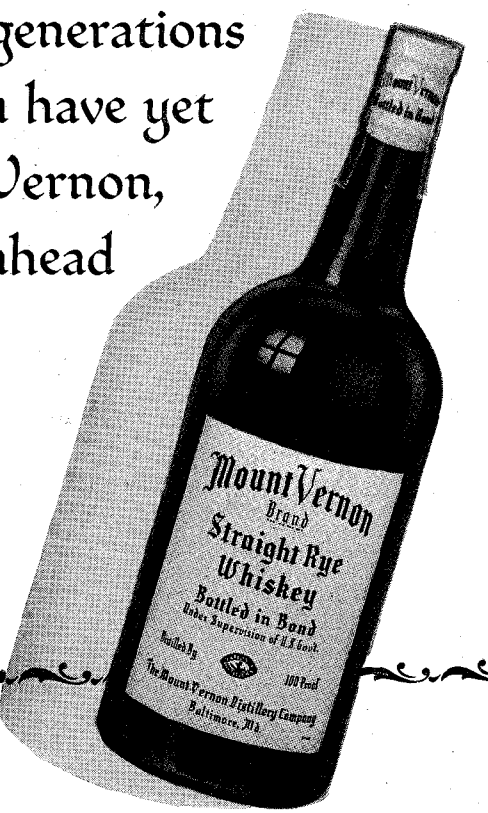
Often First in Friendly Company

Smooth, delicious Mount Vernon is often the first thought in friendly and congenial company where last names are forgotten. And very logically, too. For the production of Mount Vernon is limited to the capacity of a fine old distillery, none too large. Hence this fine American rye gets more careful handling in the making than an ordinary whiskey. It is also aged extra long in the wood to give it the fuller, richer flavor so highly praised by generations of Mount Vernon users. If you have yet to make friends with Mount Vernon, you have a delightful "discovery" ahead of you.



Mount Vernon

BRAND

Bottled in Bond... 100 Proof • This Whiskey is 5 Years, 4 Months Old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

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TELEVISION *and* NBC

Of all the post-war developments promised by progress in the art and science of radio, TELEVISION presents the greatest challenge and the greatest opportunity.

It is a challenge which can be met only by the co-operation of Government, broadcasters, and the radio manufacturing industry.

War interrupted development of television as a commercial service. Of necessity, men and materials were diverted to the war effort and must continue to be so diverted until victory has been achieved.

Better Service to Public

The policy of the National Broadcasting Company always has been, and will continue to be, to foster and encourage any developments in the broadcasting field which promise *better service to the public.*

In respect to television, it is the policy of NBC to contribute to the utmost towards the *earliest possible development* of television as a national service and industry.

A deep and firm foundation for the ultimate television achievement already has been laid. For the past 15 years the National Broadcasting Company has actively pioneered in the development of television service.

Television Since 1931

NBC was granted the first commercial television license issued by the FCC, and began commercial operations on the day the license was granted, using the New York Empire State Building transmitter which NBC had been operating experimentally since 1931.

Currently we are maintaining a limited schedule of weekly television broadcasting, including films, outside pick-ups of sports events, and telecasts from our recently reconditioned live talent television studio in Radio City, New York. Our program schedule will be expanded as rapidly as war conditions permit.

NBC Sound Broadcasting to be Continued

Because of its extensive coverage and accepted type of highly developed program service there is no foreseeable period when sound broadcasting will become unnecessary. Therefore, NBC will continue to maintain its sound broadcasting services at the highest peak of technical entertainment and educational excellence.

Radio now is virtually an around-the-clock service. Even when television becomes universally available, there will be times when the radio audience will be predominantly *listeners* rather than viewers.

New Dimension for Radio

Television is the capstone of the radio structure. It adds a new dimension to radio. So you can logically expect NBC, as America's Number One Network, to bring you the finest television programs just as you look to NBC today for the finest in sound radio.

NBC is committed to a policy of close co-operation with the Government and other members of the industry in the efforts to secure the best practical standards of operation for a commercial television broadcasting system.

In developing a basis for an eventual television network, the National Broadcasting Company will co-operate in every way with the owners and operators of the stations affiliated with NBC.

NBC Prepares for Expansion

In preparation for the expected expansion of television services in the post-war period, NBC will continue to tap new sources of program material and talent, develop new program techniques, transmit outside pick-ups of sports and other spot news events, telecast more live talent programs and continue research and development in all phases of television.

When materials become available, NBC will construct a television station in Washington, D. C. To establish the anchor points of a television system, NBC has also filed application with the FCC for construction permits for television stations in Chicago, Cleveland and Los Angeles, where NBC already maintains a programming organization and studio facilities.

A nationwide network will not spring up overnight, but must proceed as an orderly, logical development. Such a development, as we see it, will develop first by the establishment of regional networks which will gradually stretch out over wider areas, and finally become linked together.

Moderate-priced Television Sets

Despite the problems and risks which confront the radio industry, NBC believes that television service should be brought *as soon as possible* into every home, and that this is and should remain the task of private enterprise.

While NBC is leading the way in development of network television, the radio manufacturing industry will be busy building the finest television broadcast equipment and television receivers at moderate prices.

Through this unity of effort, you can count on NBC to meet the challenge and the opportunity television presents.

National Broadcasting Company

America's No. 1 Network

A Service of Radio Corporation of America

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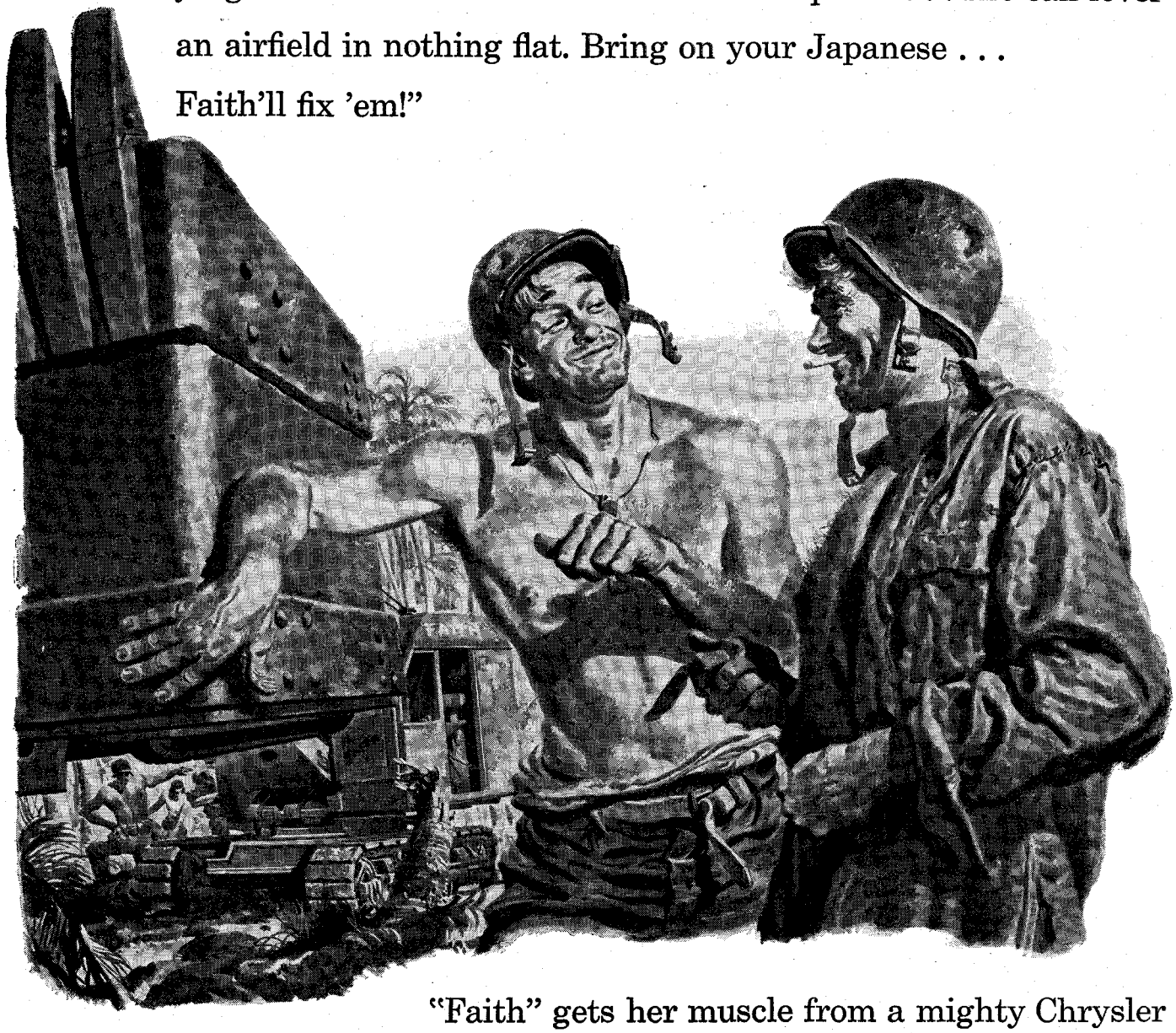
"I CALL HER 'FAITH' . . . ON ACCOUNT OF SHE CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS! This power shovel of mine just eats up the jungle . . . She can chew roads out of cowpaths . . . she can level an airfield in nothing flat. Bring on your Japanese . . . Faith'll fix 'em!"



"Faith" gets her muscle from a mighty Chrysler Industrial engine! Like the engine in Chrysler cars, it's Superfinished . . . which means it has the smoothest moving parts in the world . . . which means greater durability, fewer repairs for the power shovel . . . which means speeding the road to Tokio, the road to Victory!

BUY MORE THAN BEFORE IN THE 5th WAR LOAN

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

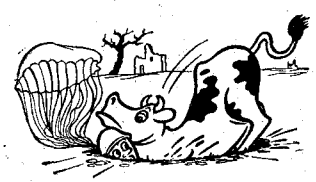
THE Republican state of mind was well illuminated in a small incident we have been told of by an observer who has come panting back from Chicago. It involved the convention delegates and the proprietor of a tavern across from the Chicago Stadium —a gentleman known locally as Billy Goat—who hung out a sign reading "No Republicans Allowed." Presently his place was filled with scowling dele-

gates bristling with Dewey badges and a belligerent awareness of their constitutional rights. A brisk trade wind quickly blew Billy Goat out of the doldrums. As his patrons crowded about the bar and muttered, he excused himself, slipped into the back room, and telephoned the brewery for replenishments. Billy Goat, whose political convictions are unknown, may try this same stunt on the Democrats week after next, and if he does, it will be interesting to know how he comes out. Probably not so well, our guess would be.

WE have pledged ourself to a nonpartisan editorial policy for the next four months, reserving the right to speak sharply to Republican and Democrat alike. We will tee off by noting that Representative Clare Luce's convention speech about G.I. Jim made it difficult for us to keep anything on our stomach for twenty-four hours. To hint that the American war dead died because the majority of us voted wrong in the last three elections is a palpable misstatement of fact as well as a staggering breach of taste, and we must in charity assume that the lady did not understand the implications of what she was inspired or advised to say. The Americans died from the same world sickness that killed the English, the French, the Poles, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Russians, and the Chinese—a sickness which none of us knows much about except that it certainly could not have been cured by staying at home with the doors and windows shut. Moreover, we doubt that the dead have any politics.

THE thing we remember of the Republican keynote speech, as it came in over the air, is the summer heat in the long grasses of the June night outside the window, and our own feeling of sin and of futility. It was the same feeling a boy has at the county fair, on the hot midway in the suggestive summertime, as he pauses before a barker outside a girl-show tent, with the smell of fried food in his nostrils and the enticements of girls in his mind, lost in the immemorial sheepishness of humanity and its deliberate exploitation by the ancient devices of oratory. The keynoter in Chicago indicated that the Republicans were against aggression, New Dealism, and the man-eating shark. There was to be no more aggression because Republicans do not tolerate any evil thing like aggression. The speaker gave no indication that the reorganization of a shattered world would require anything more than a mere extension of American culture and habits, as exemplified by past and present Republicans. In the summer night, we felt that we were a million boys, armed, bloody, and tired, standing and listening to this slick spiel, outside this gaudy and unlikely tent—listening and knowing all the while that we were about to be taken.

WE hope the military histories of the future will take note of Private Herbert Sather, of Tacoma, Washington. Private Sather fought in Sicily and at the Volturno River in Italy without a scratch, landed in France as a paratrooper in one of the first waves of the invasion, and was injured when a cow fell into his foxhole.



He is now back in England, recuperating and presumably thinking the whole thing over. In a sense, Private Sather has made military history. He is the first soldier in the history of warfare ever to be incapacitated in precisely this manner, we think, since the foxhole is a recent enough innovation to make a similar combination of circumstances on a previous occasion highly unlikely. All we can do, by way of celebrating the historic event, is to dispatch our greetings to all concerned. To Private Sather, whose injuries are as real as any other wounded soldier's and whose Purple Heart is just as purple, our sympathy, congratulations, and the advice that he keep his answers to queries about the source of his injuries as vague as possible. To the officer who trained Private Sather, the suggestion that he emphasize to his men the advantages of keeping foxholes as close to fox-size as possible. To the cow, our blessing, and the hope that she gets a long rest in a pasture far behind the lines, and regular milking.

FOR some time now we have been thinking about rockets, fascinated by the rocket principle—that of a projectile propelled by its own substance, like a bear living off its own fat, which arrives at the target overwhelmingly lighter than when it started, having consumed most of its weight en route. This principle had a familiar ring to

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us, but we couldn't quite recall what rockets reminded us of until the other day, when it occurred to us suddenly in a blinding flash that made our eyeglasses fog up. It is the train in an old Marx Brothers movie, "Go West." It ran out of fuel as a consequence of some complicated shenanigan, and Harpo and Chico, as we recall, kept the engine going by feeding it all the baggage, then the seats, then the walls and roofs of the cars and some of the floor, until finally the train arrived triumphantly at its destination with its passengers standing on a few boards stretched across the axles. This association gives the war a new familiarity in our eyes, as though Göring had been unmasked as our old friend Margaret Dumont, just as worried about her art treasures as ever.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Gimbel's book department has for sale a large stack of copies of "A History of Macy's—the World's Greatest Department Store," a history which, as the clerks will point out, covers only the years between 1895 and 1919.

The manager of the dining room in the Henry Hudson Hotel is Henry Hutson.

An honest jeweller of Columbus, Georgia, has in his window a display of watches, along with a sign that says, "These Waterproof Watches Not Guaranteed Against Moisture."

Bew Tirj

WE'VE printed a good many stories about the resourcefulness of the Post Office Department in delivering incoherently addressed letters, and so has every other journalist. Lately, however, the boys have been losing the old fight, if we are to judge from their returning to the sender a letter addressed "110 West 40th Street, Bew Tirjm Bew Tirj." You'd think that they'd have figured out that the typist's right hand had strayed one key to the left, thus achieving a rather Oriental-sounding but simple transposition of letters. Minds on *Esquire*, probably.

Busy

WE do not cite the career of Miss Hildegard Junge, a lady we have just interviewed, as an example that could be followed by even our talented readers. We simply cite it. Miss Junge sings contralto and paints at the same time, and does so in front of audiences of up to a thousand. She paints in pastel chalk, but there is no further resemblance between her work and the old-time "chalk talk" acts of vaudeville, because she has studied at the National Bible Institute, is an associate director of the Times Square Mission, a nonsectarian charitable organization, and sings songs of a sacred nature. Her recitals are often distinguished, too, by the presence of two canaries, who sing with her when the mood is on them.

Our interview with Miss Junge, who is a small, blond, cheerful, and restless woman, took place at 462 West Forty-third Street, the headquarters of the Times Square Mission. The founder and director of the Mission, Mr. Harold D. Arents, was also there, and so was a canary by the name of Dickie, who had been let out of his cage and given the run of the place. The walls were decorated with pictures Miss Junge had done in public and they seemed to us remarkably vivid. One was a morning scene, another was an evening scene, and a third was a garden scene with Christ in the foreground. This last, Miss Junge told us, is called "The Beautiful Garden of Prayer," after a hymn by the same name. "I have memorized over five hundred hymns," Miss Junge said. "Sometimes I forget a line, but I make up another one and the audience doesn't notice. I sweat blood, but the audience doesn't notice." Miss Junge encounters her greatest difficulty when she forgets a line while she is painting a figure, because figures always bother her—even sheep, which appear in the picture that goes with her musical version of the Twenty-third Psalm. "Oh, those sheep," Miss Junge said. "Sometimes I have to turn my back to the people when I'm doing a sheep. If he doesn't turn out very well, I say to the audience, 'Well, he may not be beautiful, but God loves him.' "

All of Miss Junge's pictures illustrate the songs they accompany, or vice versa, however you want to look at it. She paints a morning scene, for instance, while singing "Wonderful Morning," "Morning with Jesus," "Whispering Hope," "Sunrise Tomorrow," "It Is Morning in My Heart," and other appropriate numbers. Her pictures, which are done on spongy paper three by four feet or larger, take her about forty-five minutes apiece, or fifteen or twenty hymns. Details vary, but the general atmosphere of a given type of picture is usually the same. Sometimes a morning scene will have a river in it, sometimes a road, and sometimes just fields or woods, but it will always have a tree with two birds in it in the foreground. "I save the birds till last," Miss Junge told us. "They give the people a laugh." She starts her morning scenes off in darkish colors and makes them brighter and brighter as she goes along, that being the pattern involved in the average sunrise. Evening scenes ("Beyond the Sunset," "Sunset and Evening Star," "Day Is Dying," "Now the Day Is Over," and so on) get darker and darker. "They're a little sad," Miss Junge said. "Sometimes the people cry."

"It seems she has a tendency to put life in her pictures," said Mr. Arents, who was holding the canary in one hand and poking idly at its chest with the other. "A very good artist once told me that he wished he could put as much life into his pictures as Miss Junge." The canary moved over to Miss Junge and perched on her index finger. "Pinch his foot and see what he does," said Mr. Arents. "He likes to fight." Miss Junge informed us that Dickie and another canary, which we could hear vocalizing in another room, had accompanied her for two whole hours while she sang and painted at Town Hall on Easter Sunday, and also that they accompany her on a program of Gospel singing which she presents at seven o'clock three mornings a week over WMCA.

Miss Junge came here from Germany, where she was a kindergarten teacher, fifteen years ago. She has studied singing but not painting, which she does by sheer instinct. She believes that she has an advantage over other

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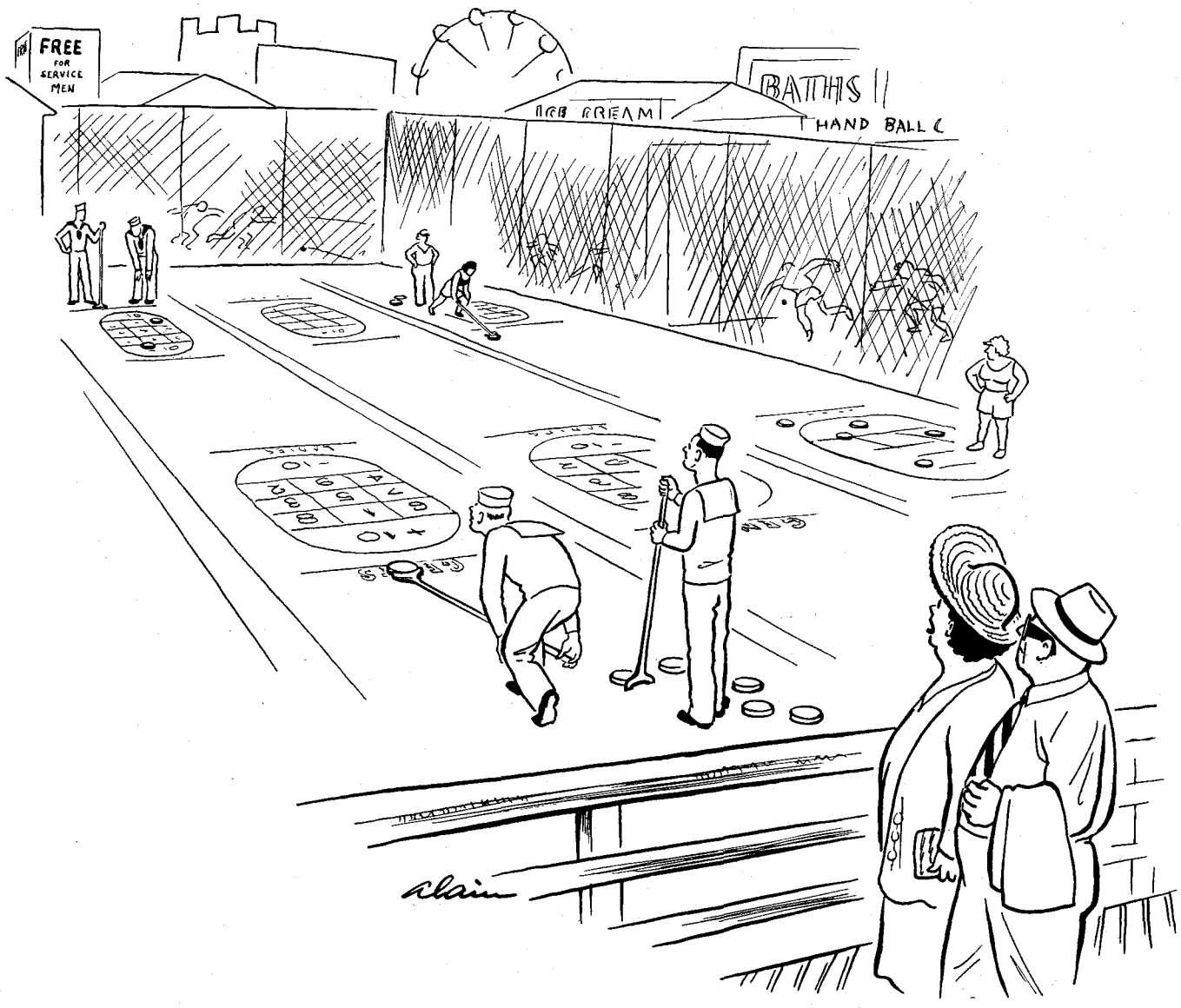

"I should think they'd get enough of that sort of thing on shipboard."

singers in that she doesn't have to just stand there with her hands folded. "And if I drop my chalk," she told us, "I go right down after it without stopping." She demonstrated for us, bending over and feeling on the floor for an imaginary piece of chalk and singing the word "Rejoice" vigorously at the same time.

Fun

IN Hawaii, too, there is a shortage of manpower for non-essential jobs, and a family with a good Japanese houseboy can count itself fortunate. In one house we've been told of, the houseboy, encouraged by his employers' obvious desire to keep him happy, has taken to playing a strange little Oriental prank. Whenever there are guests, he sneaks out the back door and comes around and knocks at the front door. When the door is opened, he holds up a random batch of kitchen implements—a corkscrew, a bottle opener, some knives and forks—and says, "Me coppenta. Fix broken shingles," or "Me prumba—fix pipes." The guests, of course, have all been tipped off, and obligingly join in a hearty laugh. It's a strange way to keep a house running, but these are strange times.

Silent Partner

AN architect we know had occasion the other day to call a firm of contractors with whom he had previously done business. We'll say that the firm name is Smith & Jones. Well, our friend asked if he could speak with Mr. Jones. "I'm sorry," the switchboard girl said, "Mr. Jones is never here in the daytime now." Somewhat puzzled by this, the architect asked for Smith, from whom, in the course of the conversation, he learned that Jones had died several months earlier.

Our Own Baedeker

A REGION of some interest to the invasion forces is the Brittany peninsula, which juts out into the Atlantic west of the Cherbourg peninsula, forming the northwestern extremity of France. We have dealt with Brittany before but not at any great length, and now is the time for a little amplification. It is a gray region, with low gray houses and misty weather. Compared to the other French, the Bretons are obstinate and are not thrifty. The coastal people are either sailors, fishermen, or farmers, and the townsfolk tend to be weavers and dyers. Through years of fertilizing their soil with seaweed, the

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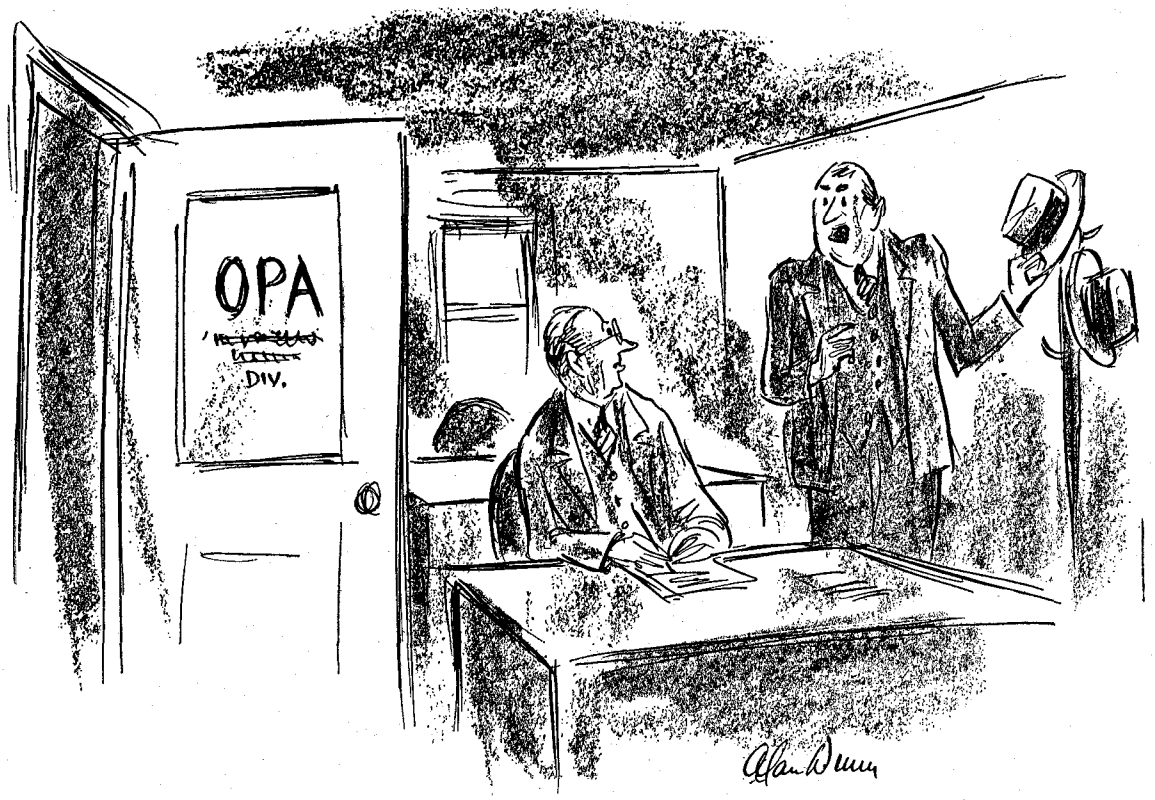

"It was a nice little place with a charming, intimate atmosphere. I had a really superb poulet sauté Marengo, potatoes bordure, delicious string beans, asparagus tips with a splendid hollandaise, and some of that old-fashioned deep-dish apple pie with a mouth-watering hard sauce. Their ceiling was $2.25 and they charged me $2.50, so I slapped a violation on them."

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farmers on the Channel coast have made it as rich as any in France, and they always used to be the first to get their fruits and vegetables to the Paris markets in the spring. The uncultivated land runs to moors and forests, and there are many streams and rivers that end in deep estuaries and inlets—fine natural harbors. The biggest of these is Brest, fourteen miles long and three across, with a bottleneck entrance, and another is Lorient, notorious during recent years as a menacing German submarine base. Many old soldiers remember Brest vividly as one of the principal American debarkation ports during the last war, and an embarkation port afterward. President Wilson landed there. It is the French port nearest to North America, a hundred and sixty miles nearer than Cherbourg.

The fact that the Bretons have always been conservative and sectional in their politics encouraged the Germans to try to start a separatist movement after their invasion. In July, 1940, in the town of Pontivy, a Nazi-sponsored meeting was held to proclaim Brittany's secession from France. Only twenty Bretons showed up, and the idea fizzled. As any moviegoer can tell you, the Breton fishing fleet has been the biggest single agency in smuggling refugees across the Channel. Most of the Free French seamen are Breton. Bretons are heavy drinkers, the prewar annual alcohol consumption of the average Breton (counting men, women, and children) being ten quarts. The Breton sardine fleet, with its hand-dyed nets and sails and its fishermen in red denims, sabots, and stocking caps, inspired probably a good half of the paintings in the Paris museums. Bretons love to wrestle and dig for badgers. They won't bathe or wash their hair when the tide is coming in, and consider it bad luck to use the word "wolf" aboard a fishing vessel. The men play a kind of football called *la soule*, and at least one village had to forbid the game because so many players got drowned; don't ask us how.

Bretons refuse to admit that the dead really are gone. At funeral feasts a place is set for the corpse. If a Breton doesn't make a pilgrimage to the village of St. Servais within his lifetime, his ghost will have to do it for him, carrying his coffin, progressing only the length of the coffin every night, and wailing as he goes. The last man to die in his parish before a new year becomes the *ankou*, which means that he is doomed to drive around in a cart with three ghostly companions until relieved by the next year's *ankou*. Off the Brittany coast is the legendary submerged island of Ys, whose church bells can sometimes be heard ringing at night. Since the Bretons, descendants of the ancient Britons, are Celtic in origin, it isn't surprising that their native speech resembles Welsh more than it does French. They love to sing, like the Welsh, and, like them, incline to wild, discordant dirges, which they accompany with a set of bagpipes played by two men. They also like to build big bonfires and dance around them. During the American Revolution, Brest was headquarters for the privateers that harassed the English. They were manned by Breton sailors. Duguay-Trouin, an eighteenth-century Breton pirate, once captured the entire city of Rio de Janeiro and held it for ransom.

Fine

EARLY in the current War Bond drive, one of the big Fifth Avenue stores caught a shoplifter, a well-dressed lady who was obviously just indulging a tendency to kleptomania. The usual policy with first offenders being to scare them and turn them loose, she was released, but not before the bond committee of the store had gently but firmly sold her a thousand-dollar bond.

Postwar Editor

A MAN we've been talking to, Mr. Emmet Crozier, has spent most of the past year and a half reconnoitring in the postwar world. He holds the position of postwar editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and as such has written weekly articles under the title "The World Ahead" since the beginning of March, 1943. The postwar editorship is a job of his own invention and more or less

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the product of expediency. As a *Herald Tribune* staff reporter, Mr. Crozier had covered Willkie's Presidential campaign and other political events, but in the winter of 1942 he was assigned to New York civilian-defense activities, his interest in which was somewhat dampened by his conviction that New York would never be bombed. "It struck me as the great municipal futility," he says. Feeling as he did, he persuaded his superiors that a good many thoughts were being expressed in a good many circles on what the postwar world would or should look like, that some sort of digest of these thoughts would make a good Sunday series, and that he was the man for the job. He has since written over a hundred thousand words on what, globally speaking, is cooking.

Our talk with Mr. Crozier, a small, neat, graying man, took place at a popular midtown watering hole. He was drinking ginger ale, but he assured us that this was a fleeting whim and not a habit he had picked up in the world ahead, where liquor, according to all indications, will be legally available. The automobile will be available, too, but different, we learned. It will be made of stronger, lighter metals which have been developed in airplane production, and the engine will be on the rear axle. "And if this engine balks," Mr. Crozier said, "you can drive to a garage, where they'll unscrew six bolts, take the engine out, and lend you another until it's fixed." He said he had this on the authority of Raymond Loewy, the industrial designer. For the most part, however, Mr. Crozier has left postwar science to the *Herald Tribune* science editor and confined himself to plans for world government, world police forces, world currencies, reëducation of the enemy, reemployment, socialized medicine, and the like. He has studied and kept up with Clarence Streit's Federal Union, Inc., the Shotwell Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, the Pan-European Conference at New York University, the Culbertson System (or, rather, world-government plan), Dorothy Thompson's outlook on the Germans, and all the other theories and convictions that have received wide attention, in addition to many that have not.

"In the early days," Mr. Crozier said, "I worried because nobody could seem to get together with anybody else. There was no unity. Now I take a philosophical view and say to myself that too much unity probably would have been a bad idea. The American people are noted for their love of organization, and if all the planners had got together and devised a smooth scheme that sounded good, we might have snapped it up and then we'd have been stuck with it. With lots of argument, we should finally hit on something sound." The planner with whom Mr. Crozier had perhaps the easiest time, from the journalistic point of view, was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. "When you go to interview him," he told us, "you don't ask questions. He dictates. He has a plan for breaking up Germany into small states and moving the capital from Berlin to Dresden, I think it is." Mr. Crozier has stirred up the most fuss with his article on world banks. "I thought it was perfectly harmless," he said. "I wrote that the British, the Canadians, and the United States had all been talking about some kind of world bank. I suggested that this might call for some kind of world currency and speculated as to what it might be like. Well, there were indignant letters from everywhere, telling me I'd better not tamper with the gold standard. I was very much chastened."

Unnecessary

ON the eve of D Day, an American lieutenant stationed in England but aware that he was right on the brink of pulling out of there, received a registered letter from the Treasury Department. Muttering about what an inopportune time this was to dun a man for taxes, the lieutenant tore open the envelope and found inside a money order and a letter explaining that the Treasury was making a refund on a passport application he had filed early in 1940 with a view to making a trip to France.

"Jim Milligan senior or junior?"

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ITALY

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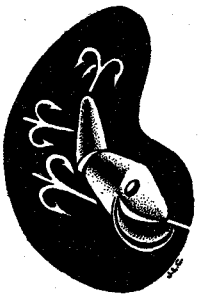
THE DANGER

MRS. DUDLEY'S evacuees had gone at last, and an almost supernatural hush had seemed to descend upon the house and garden the moment they left. As joyfully as cats plunging back into a dustbin, they had returned to London, without expressing gratitude or regret, without giving a shadow of a sign that four years of living in the midst of what Mrs. Dudley called Beauty had made the slightest impression on them. The Rudds had remained sturdily impervious to Beauty right up to the last. On a morning when Mrs. Dudley's magnolias were bursting wide in the sunshine and patches of frosty Alpine blues and yellows were beginning to dapple the rockery, where Mr. Dudley's terrible old gardening hat could be seen slowly moving, Mrs. Rudd had stood gazing out of the window with an eye only too clearly nostalgic for a good Woolworth's. "Ever so quiet, isn't it?" she had said, staring contemptuously at a gentian. "Might be miles and miles from everything, really, instead of only ten minutes' walk from the village." "That's what we like about the house," Mrs. Dudley had replied, to which Mrs. Rudd had said forgivingly, "Well, everyone to his taste, of course," and flung the lipsticked stub of her cigarette out into Beauty's face before getting on with her lackadaisical pushing of a mop over the hall parquet.

It had been part of the agreement, when the Rudds arrived, that Mrs. Rudd, besides keeping their own quarters clean, should assist about the house. Both these clauses, Mrs. Dudley had speedily discovered, were mere lighthearted figures of speech, for Mrs. Rudd was a slut. The word seemed to have been invented for her. Now that the Rudds had gone, now that the beautiful, incredible silence had settled down over a house empty of strangers again, the full horror of Mrs. Rudd could be relished, like the details of an appalling illness mercifully past: the mane of yellow hair which became brunet an inch from the parting, the broad bottom in navy-blue slacks. Mrs. Rudd had donned trousers at the beginning of the war and was perpetually ready to hoist the yardarm or do any other athletic exercises which might be required of her. For shopping in the village, Mrs. Dudley, who was conservative, had considered that the costume was excessive, but Mrs. Rudd had clung to the navy-blue pants, to which she had added a revealing sweater on chilly days and a flimsy blouse, unbuttoned to interesting limits, on hot ones. In winter, to prove that she was a cut above the ordinary evacuee caste, Mrs. Rudd had also donned a short jacket, made out of the fur of some depressed, yellowish animal that, like Mrs. Rudd's hair, seemed somewhat undecided at the partings. Mr. Dudley, leaving his garden long enough to potter down to the village and collect his monthly bottle of Scotch, always shrank back nervously into the shop if he spotted the Rudd cavalcade coming up the street—Sonny in the push chair, Marlene and Marina trotting either side of the jaunty maternal behind. It was curious, he reported mildly to Mrs. Dudley, what a really libidinous effect high heels had when combined with tight trousers, a fur monkey jacket, and shoulder-length golden hair. He had mentioned a few Biblical characters of whom he had been irresistibly reminded as he watched their evacuee languidly shopping for Marina's corn flakes and Sonny's Syrup of Figs.



Mrs. Rudd had also departed from the usual evacuee pattern by having a husband with her, a silent, seemingly melancholy man who was employed by a firm which had moved its files and office staff out of bombing reach. To Messrs. Brown, Clutterbuck & Brown's sudden stout conviction that the worst of the blitzes was over, Mrs. Dudley now owed the unspeakable beatitude of being rid of the Rudds. She could hardly believe that she would never again have to listen to the marital difficulties, the embarrassing confidences, which had oozed from Mrs. Rudd as she slapped a duster over the drawing-room china of a morning. Sometimes Mrs. Dudley had felt her color deepening guiltily when she encountered Mr. Rudd and his pipe mooning round the garden in the evenings. "Still waters run deep," Mrs. Rudd had often significantly observed, with a side swipe of the duster at some particularly frail Chelsea nymph. "There's no knowing with those quiet types, is there? I suppose I didn't ought to have married Harold, really. When I had my figure, there were no heights I couldn't have attempted, the variety stage included."

"Well, you've got your children as a compensation," Mrs. Dudley would suggest soothingly. And Mrs. Rudd would admit that there were always the kiddies—or the kidlets, as she sometimes, in moments of acute maternal affection, called them. Marlene and Marina seemed to be trying to make up for her disappointment over the variety stage by eternally practicing tap dancing, their soiled hair ribbons waggling up and down, their small, sharp faces solemn as they hoofed in almost perfect unison on the gravel or along the passage, when Mr. Dudley was taking an afternoon nap. Sonny, a pasty-faced child, lived on a diet of his own and his parents' sweet ration, alternated with copious draughts of Syrup of Figs. Mrs. Rudd dealt out sticky kisses and smart cuffs impartially to her brood, but when Mrs. Dudley's married sons, John and Andrew, came down on leave, her tigerish fondness for the kidlets seemed to wane. On these occasions the rolling blue eye and the voluptuous curves appeared to roll and curve even more suggestively, her blouses to get more flimsy, their buttons still more precarious. "My God, that woman!" Andrew had groaned, raiding Mr. Dudley's Scotch after a sudden ambush in the rose garden. "She's a shocker. You'll have to get rid of her, Mother. Ring up Miss Sykes and say they'll have to find her another billet."

"I've rung up Nancy Sykes until I'm tired of it," Mrs. Dudley said despairingly. "She always says that this is the only house that can take them all, and she prefers not to split up families. Sometimes I think they're here for ever."

THE taxi had come for them, finally. Sonny's push chair had been strapped on top. Mr. Rudd had seemed to be on the verge of struggling to say something fitting before he gave it up and turned to help with the luggage. For the journey, Mrs. Rudd's plump calves had emerged from the stern sexlessness of women at war and were sleek in tan rayon below the hem of her check costume. "I daresay the place will seem ever so funny without us," she exclaimed to Mrs. Dudley, pushing the head of Marina's kitten back into its basket. Sure enough, after the taxi had disappeared down the drive, with Mrs. Rudd waving radiantly like a bride from among the armfuls of flowers which Marina and Marlene had selected from the borders, the place did seem funny. In the silence of the house starting immediately to settle back comfortably

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"Long distance for you, Grandpa."

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into character again, Mrs. Dudley reflected that its inmates could also settle back into character—an elderly couple of quiet interests, getting on with their small, puttering war jobs and their gardening. The brassy nightmare interlude of the Rudds was over.

The house, she thought, seemed not only funny but positively eerie. She stood in the hall, listening for the gramophone, Mrs. Rudd's cigarette cough, Sonny whining, Marina and Marlene going shuffle, shuffle, stomp, stomp along the kitchen passage, Mrs. Rudd humming "Yours" in a fruity contralto as she slopped tea leaves into the sink. Silence, nothing but rich, soaking silence. True, their smell remained in the rooms they had occupied—a stale, close smell, in which it was possible to identify face powder, food, Sonny's white mice, Mr. Rudd's pipe, and Mrs. Rudd. Mrs. Dudley, violently flinging open windows, wondered whether she should burn a fumigating candle, as though the Rudds had been an infectious disease.

But happiness was beginning to steal over her. She gave up trying to do anything, and went out into the hall and started drifting aimlessly from room to room, luxuriously listening to their emptiness. She couldn't remember when she had last felt so happy.

THERE was nothing to warn Mrs. Dudley that this halcyon peace was threatened when, one morning a week or so after the Rudds had left, the front doorbell rang. It was a perfect morning, Mrs. Dudley had just noted contentedly, and the garden was beginning to look its very best. She still could not quite believe that at any moment the kidlets would not come whooping from the rockery, their fists full of her most precious Alpines, or that Mrs. Rudd would not be issuing forth, cigarette dangling from her lips, to shake out a duster and gaze round hungrily for the postman or any stray tidbit in trousers to sweeten the howling wilderness. But thank God it was true, thought Mrs. Dudley cheerfully, on her way through her clean, silent house to open the front door.

The girl standing on the doorstep, a thin young woman without a hat, said, "Mrs. Dudley? My name is Rachel Craig, and I'm a friend of your daughter-in-law's. Peg said that you wouldn't mind my coming along to see you."

"Do come in, won't you?" said Mrs. Dudley. "And forgive my looking so untidy. Peg may have told you that, like most people these days, we've got no servants at all. Are you staying somewhere down here?"

"No," the girl said. "That's just the point. I'm not staying down here, but I want to be. Peg thought that you might be able to help."

An appalling suspicion entered Mrs. Dudley's head, but it was too late to do anything—to say that she was the charwoman, for instance, and that Mrs. Dudley was out. They sat down in the living room, round which the visitor gazed appreciatively. "How lovely to see a real home again, after all the furnished lodgings I've been in," she said. "I suppose sometime George and I will have a home of our own." She smiled at Mrs. Dudley, who smiled warily back. "He's been stationed down here, at the camp over at Fairfield," the girl said. "Of course he doesn't know for how long. I've been trying to get rooms somewhere near for me and Evelyn—that's my baby—but everywhere is so full up with evacuees and things, isn't it? Anyway, I was nearly despairing, and then I ran into Peg in London yesterday, and she said perhaps you'd be willing to take us as paying guests."

For a wild moment, Mrs. Dudley thought of saying, "Look here, I'm alone and in peace for the first time in four years. I'm sick to death of strangers in my house. Won't you please go away?" But the impulse to be brutally candid passed, and the baser instinct to slide out of it somehow, with as much social grace as possible, overcame Mrs. Dudley. She heard her own voice saying instantly, plausibly, "I'm sorry. I'd like to help you out, but I simply haven't the room."

Mrs. Craig's glance wandered gently round the big living room and out into the spacious airiness of the hall. "Evelyn

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"I don't want to seem too pressing, but I wonder if we couldn't get our little account straightened out."

•

and I would tuck up in any corner," she said. "You wouldn't know we were here, really. She's a very good baby."

But even good babies yell sometimes, Mrs. Dudley thought. They yell, their diapers simmer perpetually on the stove and festoon the bathroom, they start to crawl and then to toddle like homing pigeons straight for the rockery and the Alpines. The Craigs, coming for weeks, might stay for years, as the Rudds had done. Sonny Rudd had arrived a pasty infant in arms; he had left still pasty but hideously active, capable of all forms of small-boy mischief. And how do I know, thought Mrs. Dudley in a panic, that your George won't turn out to be another quiet type like Mrs. Rudd's Harold, and you'll tell me about it day in, day out, pinned up against my own kitchen wall, where I can't escape? She began to explain that there really wasn't all that space, because she had to keep rooms ready for her sons and their wives when they came on leave. Then there were the grandchildren, who spent their school holidays with her. John's boy and girl, as she spoke of them, mysteriously multiplied and became troops of boys and girls, pouring home every few weeks with their hockey sticks and cricket bats.

Mrs. Craig, interrupting as though she hadn't really been following, said, "I'd be awfully glad to help with the house. I'm a good cook—or George used to think so. You see, if only we could be somewhere not too far away, so that he could see us sometimes, before he gets sent goodness knows where, it will make all the difference."

With terror in her heart, Mrs. Dudley felt that the Craigs were taking shape, were becoming as threateningly real and three-dimensional as the Rudds. In another moment, the noises of a fresh set of alien lives would be invading the privacy of her quiet house. She would have to get used all over again to alien sounds—to Mrs. Craig's way of coughing, of running upstairs, to George's motor bike on the drive, to their bath water running, their voices murmuring. In another moment she would give in. Feeling hypocritical, hating herself, she said smoothly, "I do feel so sorry for all you young people and I wish I could have managed it. But there it is. It's really too bad of Peg to send you down on a wild-goose chase like this."

Mrs. Craig's disappointed face looked suddenly very young and sharp round the cheekbones. The furnished lodgings, thought Mrs. Dudley with a pang, possibly didn't do very well in the way of food.

After that, the visit crumpled. On their way to the door, Mrs. Dudley suggested a name or two—had she tried there? Yes, Mrs. Craig had. Everywhere was full, Mrs. Craig said, trying to smile and not succeeding, in a perfectly adult way. She shook hands and walked away down the drive, and Mrs. Dudley went briskly back into the house like a woman expecting at any moment a sudden influx of grandchildren. In the living room she sat down limply, with a feeling of weakness round the knees, and drew a long, quivering breath of relief. The danger was over and she felt shamefacedly pleased with herself, as though she had been clever in a way which didn't bear examining too closely. She began telling herself quickly that it was really too much to ask, coming so soon after four nightmare years of being pressed to the suffocating, slatternly bosom of Mrs. Rudd. I'm not so young as I was, she told herself. I've done my bit and more. Everyone says so.

Presently she glanced at the clock and calculated that Mrs. Craig must be nearly at the station. She wouldn't feel entirely safe until after the London train had gone, though. The familiar light stutter of the little French clock was soothing. The clock, a branch of roses tapping against the window, the claws of the old terrier clicking across the hall parquet—there was not a sound in her own quiet house which she could not identify. We are alone together, they said. We belong to you and to nobody else. She waited for the usual rush of pure happiness to flood over her at the thought, as it had done so many times since the Rudds' taxi bore them away. But today something was wrong, for nothing happened. Nothing at all, thought Mrs. Dudley, staring miserably at the clock, which soon told her that the London train would now be steaming out of the station.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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Washington (AP)—A bill which may empower all officers of the army dental corps to drill the troops was passed by the senate today and sent to the house.
—*San Diego Union.*

Companee-ee, rinse!

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TAKE TWO PARTS SAND, ONE PART GIRL AND STIR

OUTSIDE of the three Rs—the razor, the rope, and the revolver—I know only one sure-fire method of coping with the simmering heat we may cheerfully expect in this meridian from now to Labor Day. Whenever the mercury starts inching up the column, I take to the horizontal plane with a glass graduate trimmed with ferns, place a pinch of digitalis or any good heart stimulant at my elbow, and flip open the advertising section of *Vogue*. Fifteen minutes of that paradisiacal prose, those dizzying nonsequiturs, and my lips are as blue as Lake Louise. If you want a mackerel iced or a sherbet frozen, just bring it up and let me read the advertising section of *Vogue* over it. I can also take care of small picnic parties up to five. The next time you're hot and breathless, remember the name, folks: Little Labrador Chilling & Dismaying Corporation.

It would require precision instruments as yet undreamed of to decide whether *Vogue's* advertisements contain more moonbeams per linear inch than those of its competitors, but the June issue was certainly a serious contender for the ecstasy sweepstakes. There was, for instance, the vagary which portrayed a Revolutionary heroine setting fire to a field of grain with this caption: "*The Patriotism in Her Heart Burned Wheat Fields.* It took courage that day in October 1777 for Catherine Schuyler to apply the torch to her husband's wheat fields so that food would not fall into the hands of the enemy. The flames that consumed the wheat fields on the Schuyler estate near Saratoga burned with no greater brightness than the patriotism in Catherine Schuyler's heart." Then, with a triple forward somersault that would have done credit to Alfredo Codona, the wizard of the trapeze, the copywriter vaulted giddily into an appeal to American women to augment their loveliness with Avon Cosmetics. Somewhat breathless, I turned the page and beheld a handsome young aviatrix, crouched on a wing of her plane. "Test Pilot—Size 10," read the text. "Nine thousand feet above the flying field, a Hellcat fighter plane screams down in the dark blur of a power dive. Holding the stick of this four-hundred-mile-an-hour ship is a small firm hand." The owner of the small firm hand, I shortly discovered in the verbal power dive that followed, is an enthusiastic patron of DuBarry Beauty Preparations. The transition in logic was so abrupt that it was only by opening my mouth and screaming briefly, a procedure I had observed in the movies, that I was able to keep my eardrums from bursting.

The most singular display of the advertiser's eternal lust for novelty, though, was a bold, full-color photograph of an olive-skinned beauty, buried up to her corsage in sand, in the interests of Marvella Simulated Pearls. A matched string of the foregoing circled her voluptuous throat, and dimly visible in the background were a conch shell and a sponge, identifying the locale as the seaside. The model's face exhibited a resentment verging on ferocity, which was eminently pardonable; anybody mired in a quicksand, with only a string of simulated pearls to show for it, has a justifiable beef. And so have I. The connection between burning wheat field and cosmetic jar, Hellcat fighter and lipstick, is tenuous enough, God knows, but somehow the copywriter managed to link them with his sophistries. Why in Tophet a scowling nude stuck bolt upright in a sand bar should influence the reader to rush to his jeweller for a particular brand of artificial pearl, however, I cannot possibly imagine.

PERHAPS if we reconstruct the circumstances under which this baffling campaign was conceived, a clue might be forthcoming. Let us, therefore, don a clean collar and sidle discreetly into the offices of Meeker, Cassavant, Singleton, Doubleday & Tripler, a fairly representative advertising agency.

[Scene: *The Brain Room of the agency, a conference chamber decorated in cerebral gray, Swedish modern furniture, and the inevitable van Gogh reproductions. As the curtain rises, Duckworth, the copy chief, and four members of his staff—Farish, Munkaczi, DeGroot, and Miss Drehdel—are revealed plunged in thought.*]

DUCKWORTH (*impatiently*): Well, what do you say, Farish? Got an angle, DeGroot?

FARISH: I still keep going back to my old idea, V. J.

DUCKWORTH: What's that?

FARISH (*thirstily*): A good red-hot picture of a dame in a transparent shimmy, with plenty of thems and those (*suddenly conscious of Miss Drehdel's presence*)—oh, excuse me.

MISS DREHDEL (*wearily*): That's all right. I read Earl Wilson's column, too.

FARISH: And a balloon coming out of her mouth saying, "I've had my Vita-Ray Cheese Straws today—*have you?*"

DUCKWORTH: No-o-o, it doesn't—it doesn't *sing*, if you know what I mean. I feel there's something gay and youthful and alive about these cheese straws. That's the note I want to hear in our copy.

DEGROOT: How about a gay, newborn baby in a crib? That would include the various elements. I'd like to see a line like "No harsh abrasives to upset tender tummies."

DUCKWORTH: No, it's static. To me it lacks dynamism.

MISS DREHDEL: What's wrong with a closeup of the cheese straws and "20 cents a box" underneath?

DUCKWORTH: Oversimplification. They'd never get it.

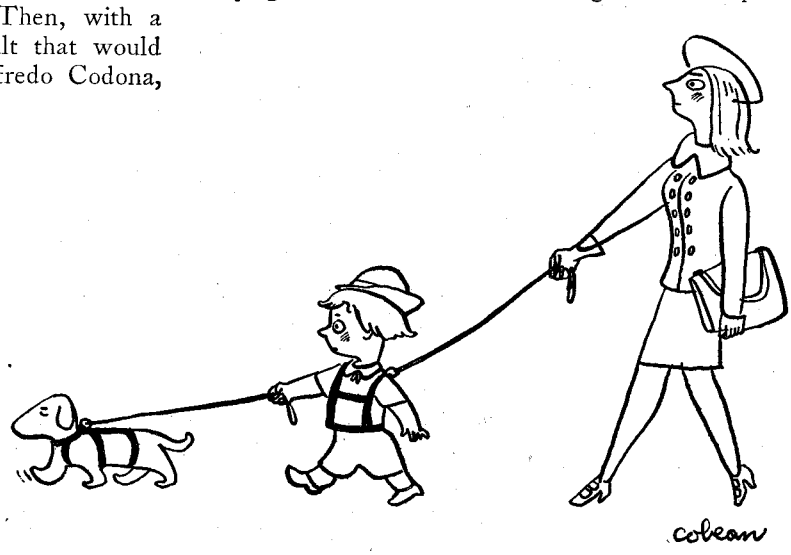
MUNKACZI (*violently*): I've got it, V. J., *I've got it!*

DUCKWORTH: What?

MUNKACZI: We'll take one of these Conover models and bury her up to her neck in sand! Maybe some driftwood or a couple of clams for drama!

FARISH: How do we tie in the cheese straws?

MUNKACZI: I haven't



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worked it out yet, but it smells right to me.

DUCKWORTH (*excitedly*): Wait a minute, now—you threw me into something when you said "sand." What we need is grit—punch—conflict. I see a foxhole at Anzio—shells bursting—a doughboy with shining eyes saying, "This is what I'm fighting for, Ma—freedom of purchase the American Way—the right to buy Vita-Ray Cheese Straws on every drug, grocery, and delicatessen counter from coast to coast!"

FARISH: Man, oh man, that's terrific! I'll buy that!

DEGROOT: It's poetic and yet it's timely, too! It's a blockbuster, V. J.!

DUCKWORTH (*radiant*): You really mean it? You're sure you're not telling me this just because I'm the boss? (*Indignation in varying degree from all*) O.K. If there's one thing I can't abide, it's a lot of yes men around me. Now let's get on to the Hush-a-Bye Blanket account. Any hunches?

DEGROOT: We got a darb. (*Producing two photographs*) This is what the nap of a Hush-a-Bye looks like under the microscope.

FARISH: And here's the average blanket. See the difference?

DUCKWORTH: Why, yes. It has twice as many woollen fibers as the Hush-a-Bye.

DEGROOT (*happily*): Check. There's our campaign.

DUCKWORTH: Hmm. Isn't that sort of defeatist?

FARISH: A little, but it shows we don't make extravagant claims.

DEGROOT: We could always switch the photographs.

FARISH: Sure, nobody ever looks at their blanket through a microscope.

DUCKWORTH (*dubiously*): We-e-ll, I don't know. I like your approach to the challenge, but I don't think you've extracted its—its thematic milk, shall I say. Now, I for one saw a different line of attack.

FARISH (*instantly*): Me too, V. J. What I visualize is a show girl with a real nifty chassis in a peekaboo nightgown. Here, I'll draw you a sketch—

MISS DREHDEL: Don't bother. We can read your mind.

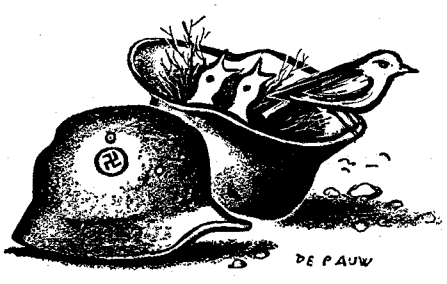
MUNKACZI: Listen, V. J., do you want a wrinkle that'll revolutionize the business? Answer yes or no.

DUCKWORTH: Does it fit in with the product?

MUNKACZI: Fit in? It grows right out of it! You're looking at a beach, see? Voom! Right in front of you is a Powers girl buried up to the bust in sand, with some horseshoe crabs or seaweed as an accent.

DUCKWORTH: Do you see a Hush-a-Bye blanket anywhere in the composition?

MUNKACZI: No, that would be hitting it on the nose. Indirection, V. J., that's the whole trend today.



DUCKWORTH: You've realized the problem, Munkaczi, but your synthesis is faulty. I miss a sense of scope. Who are we rooting for?

MUNKACZI: Well, of course I was only spitballing. I haven't had time to explore every cranny.

DUCKWORTH: Look, kids, if you don't like what I'm about to suggest, will you tell me?

FARISH (*fiercely*): I've never been a stooge for anyone yet.

DEGROOT: You said it. There's not enough money in the world to buy *my* vote.

DUCKWORTH: That's the stuff. I

PARALLAX

Mr. Vanessa took the phone
  His secretary proffered him;
His office windows faced upon
  Boötes and Triangulum.

The chrome-light building cleft the shock
  Of levin down its fluted scroll;
Its weight was anchored in the rock
  That turns upon the Gallup Pole.

His suit was uniformly serge,
  His tie was neat, his smile conventioned.
As the earth slithered toward the verge
  His name was prominently mentioned.

"This is the call, I beg you note,
  I hoped yet dreaded to receive."
He drew his heart from out his coat
  And pinned it on his dexter sleeve.

"Cancel today's appointments. Call
  My wife." His words were clipped and terse.
"I must be ready by the fall
  With blueprints for a universe."

Armed with a slide rule and a plumb,
  He paced the aching firmament,
Finding the stress by rule of thumb
  And taking soundings as he went.

* * *

Now, wetted finger in the air,
  He tests the wind. As he proceeds
He checks each step by questionnaire
  And follows after those he leads.
The end is neither here nor there.
  Aloft, secure, he runs and reads.

It will take more to overawe
  That steady eye, that level brow,
Than light that left Andromeda
  Nine hundred thousand years ago.

—MAXWELL ANDERSON

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want guts in this organization, not a bunch of namby-pambies scared that I'll kick 'em out into the breadline. Now this is hazy, mind you, but it's all there. A beachhead in the Solomons—a plain, ordinary G. I. Joe in a slit trench, grinning at the consumer through the muck and grime on his face, and asking, "Are you backing me up with Hush-a-Bye Blankets at home? Gee, Mom, don't sabotage my birthright with sleazy, inferior brands!"

DEGROOT: Holy cow, that'll tear their hearts out!

FARISH (*with a sob*): It hits you where you live. It's a portion of common everyday experience.

DUCKWORTH: Remember, men, it isn't sacred. If you think you can improve the phrasing—

"Good heavens! My lovely little miniatures!"

•

DEGROOT: I wouldn't change a word of it.

FARISH: It's got balance and flow and discipline. Say it again, will you, V. J.?

DUCKWORTH: No, it's pretty near lunch and we still need a slant for the Marvella Pearl people.

MUNKACZI (*exalted*): Your troubles are over, boss. I got something that leaps from the printed page into the hearts of a million women! It's four A.M. in the Aleutians. A haggard, unshaven Marine is kneeling in a shell hole, pointing his rifle at you and whispering, "Start thinking, sister! When Johnny comes marching home, are you going to be poised and serene with Marvella Pearls or just another housewife?"

FARISH: Cripes, I had the same notion, V. J. He took the words right out of my mouth!

DEGROOT: I'll go for that! It's as timely as tomorrow's newspaper!

DUCKWORTH: There's only one thing wrong with it. It's *too* timely.

DEGROOT (*eagerly*): That's what I meant. It's depressing.

FARISH: It reminds people of their troubles. Ugh!

DUCKWORTH: Precisely. Now, I've been mulling a concept which is a trifle on the exotic side but fundamentally sound. Mark you, I'm merely talking out loud. A girl on a bathing beach, almost totally buried in the sand, with a Marvella necklace and a brooding, inscrutable expression like the Sphinx. Haunting but inviting—the eternal riddle of womankind.

DEGROOT (*emotionally*): V. J., do you want my candid opinion? I wouldn't tell this to my own mother, but you've just made advertising history!

FARISH: It's provocative, muscular, three-dimensional! It's got a *spiral* quality, the more you think of it.

DUCKWORTH: How does it hit you, Munkaczi?

MUNKACZI (*warmly*): I couldn't like it more if it was my own idea.

DUCKWORTH: I wonder if Miss Drehdel can give us the woman's reaction, in a word.

MISS DREHDEL (*rising*): You bet I can. The word I'm thinking of rhymes with Sphinx. (*Sunnily*) Well, goodbye now. If anybody wants me, I'm over at Tim's, up to here in sawdust and Cuba Libres. (*She goes; a pause.*)

FARISH: I always said there was something sneaky about her.

DEGROOT: Women and business don't mix.

MUNKACZI: You can never tell what they're really thinking.

FARISH (*cackling*): Old V. J. smoked her out though, didn't he?

DUCKWORTH (*expansively*): Yes, I may be wrong, but this is one conference she won't forget in a hurry, eh, boys? (*As the boys chuckle loyally and scuffle to light his cigar*).

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Announcement of a lecture sent by the Institute of Radio Engineers*]

SUBJECT: "CYCLES, CODES AND COPIES."

The fundamental relationship of the transmission of a given "quantity of information" to the band width-time factors as reflected in radio-telephony and telegraphy, television and wire practices will be discussed. The piezo-electric effect as embodied in the crystal microphone, which will be made up at the meeting from its basic functioning elements; and the Barkhausen effect controlling the minimum power level permissible in communication circuits, and the influence thereon of molecular readjustments of various magnetic coupling mediums will be demonstrated. Illustrated by sound equipment and specially-designed, synchronized lantern slides. **This paper is not highly technical.**

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PROFILES

THE HOT BACH—III

DUKE ELLINGTON and the sixteen other men in his jazz band are rather surprised at the research that has been expended on bringing to light the drunks, hangovers, and frolics of their youth. The research has been done by earnest historians who are eager to determine the precise connection between dissipation and the creation of art. It is a source of mild regret to Duke and his colleagues that their escapades simply did not have that purple extravagance which is supposedly in the best tradition of jazz. Try as they would, Hugues Panassié, the French critic, and Robert Goffin, the Belgian critic, could not discover about Ellington and his band anything to match the attractive degeneracy of Buddy Bolden, a famous early cornettist and the Paul Bunyan of the jazz world, who kept himself so busy with the ladies that he had little time left for music, or of Leon Rappolo, an early clarinettist, who became insane from smoking marijuana, or even anything to equal the career of Bix Beiderbecke, another famous cornettist, who died in 1931 of drink. Ellington is apologetic. He feels that if he had only known years ago the artistic importance of his infrequent sprees he would have paid more attention to them and remembered more for posterity. He regrets that he did not know at the time that his befuddlement was the stuff of history. He can dredge up little for the archives. "I should have kept a diary," he says.

Ellington is also surprised at critics who claim in columns of rococo prose that jazz is the American equivalent of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. A few weeks ago such a critique was read to Duke, a tall, broad, coffee-colored man of forty-five, as he lolled on a cot in his dressing room at the Hurricane, a Broadway night club in which he and his band were playing an engagement. The author maintained that when New York is but a memory, or at best a forest of rusty steel ascending to a quiet sky, the perceptive archæologist will be able to recreate American civilization if he is fortunate enough to find one Ellington record amid the deserted ruins. In the record's pulsing rhythms, the article said, he will hear the throb of long-stilled traffic, see the flash of neon signs, get some suggestion of the subway, and will understand, when a solo soars above the theme and then sinks back again, how the individual of the vanished past yearned for the stars but was limited to a banal earth. Duke listened impatiently. When the final sentence had been read, he said, "I don't know. May be something to it. But it seems to me such talk stinks up the place."

In the field of jazz there is an exceptionally wide discrepancy between the art as practiced and the art as the writers write about it. The performers sweat, and may even rehearse, for every effect they get. The writers say that their music is as effortless as a bird's. The performers devote their lives to developing their technique. The writers present them as simple children of nature who blow their primitive souls out through their horns. The performers, most of whom spent the era of prohibition working in night clubs, know the world not only in terms of music but in terms of Mickey Finns and bouncers. The writers, who consider themselves intellectuals, range all the way from surrealist poets in Paris to Yale graduates on *Fortune*. Negro jazz musicians, who have found it best to take no part in the peculiar caprices of a white world, usually have nothing to say when they are told that there is a difference of opinion about whether they were the first surrealists, as is maintained in France. They view such assertions as just one more example of an inexplicable order which simultaneously gives them adoration and Jim Crow. They find it hard to reconcile life deep in the heart of Texas, where they must say "Yassuh, Boss," and life in Paris, where they have been told they are comparable to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. During a European tour of the Ellington band, the conductor of a Paris symphony orchestra once bowed to Johnny Hodges on the street and respectfully asked him for an explanation of his artistry on the alto saxophone. "I just lucked up on it, Bubber, I just lucked up on it," Johnny told him. The conductor, writing about the incident later, said, "It is a unique experience to stand before this black boy, and upon asking him to explain his amazing virtuosity, to be told, 'I just lucked up on it, Bubber.'" Duke himself got into the spirit of things when he was asked, in London, in 1933, "What is hot?" He replied, "Hot is a part of music, just as the root is part of a tree and the twigs and the leaves and the trunk. Hot is to music as a root, a trunk, a twig, a leaf is to a tree."

Despite Duke's own doubts, it is possible that that archæologist of the future may be able to reconstruct something of the present from Ellington's music, if, as is arguable, a composer's music does to some extent reflect his environment. For Duke's environment has been as American as a Model T Ford and, in a sense, as standardized. He spent his boyhood on the swarming tenement pavements in Washington, D. C., and his first job was jerking soda. He liked the pavements, and to this day he has an aversion to green because it reminds him of grass. "When I was eight," he says, "I decided that grass was unnatural. It always makes me feel sort of creepy. It reminds me of graves." From his early youth his days and nights have been spent, for the most part, far from grass, in cafés, cabarets, speakeasies, night clubs, drugstores, all-night lunch stands, hotel lobbies, railway depots, day coaches, subways, dance halls, movie theatres, dressing rooms, pool rooms, taxis, and buses. Duke sometimes says, "I've had three educations—the street corner, going to school, and the Bible. The Bible is most important. It taught me to look at a man's insides instead of the cut of his suit."

Duke sometimes thinks that it is good business to conceal his interest in the Bible, just as he conceals his interest in American Negro history. He doubts if it adds to his popularity in Arkansas, say, to have it known that in books he has read about Negro slave revolts he has heavily underlined paragraphs about the exploits of Nat Turner and Denmark Vesey. In public he usually sets his

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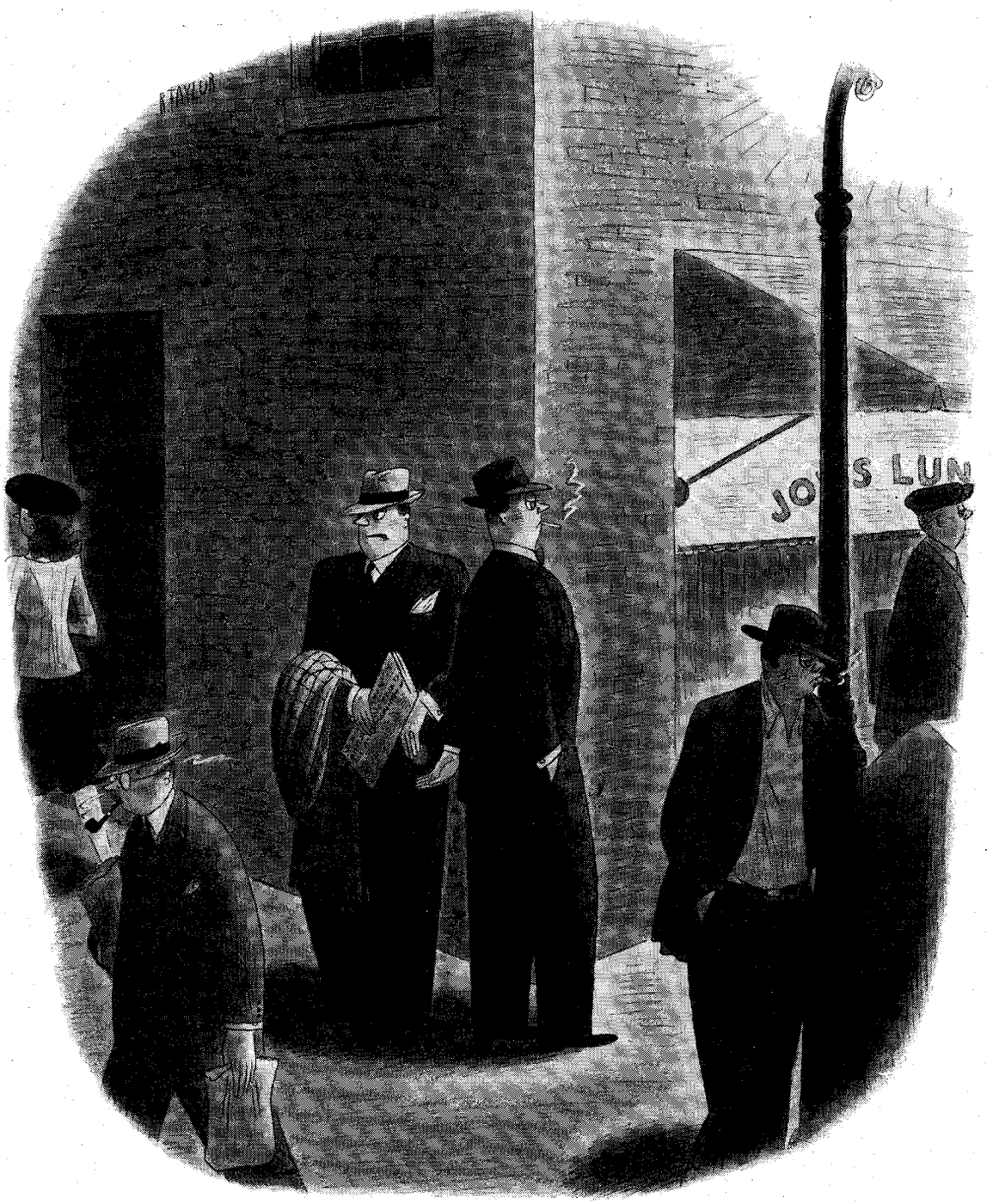
beige-colored face in a grin as wide as possible. He claims that the flashiness of his clothes is not self-gratification but rather a selfless effort to play up to the rôle the public expects him to assume, a claim his friends don't take too seriously. He has two general modes of dress—one for the public, which a member of his band has described as "very sharp and fly," one for rehearsing or composing. At work, he likes to wear a cheap hat, the brim turned up all around, a sports shirt without a tie, the points of the collar long enough to reach almost to his chest, brown suède shoes, a blue or maroon pullover sweater, and a sports suit so tailored that it makes him look slender. When he is leading his band at rehearsal, his expression varies between a grin, a pouty sleepiness in which every muscle droops and sags, and a fey daintiness. In this last mood he arches his eyebrows and has a coy look that is meant to be a silent appeal to his band for a delicate musical effect. As he plays the piano, his expression is often one of quizzical pleasure, as if he is surprised and delighted by the sounds he creates. "I really get wrapped up in it," Duke says. There are times when Duke laughs naturally and exuberantly; for example, when the boys in the band, sitting around a dressing room, are competing to see who can whistle the lowest note. "I knock myself out," he says. Then he truly seems the simple Afro-American without a care in the world. New acquaintances are always surprised when they learn that Duke has written poetry in which he advances the thesis that the rhythm of jazz has been beaten into the Negro race by three centuries of oppression. The four beats to a bar in jazz are also found, he maintains in verse, in the Negro pulse. Duke doesn't like to show people his poetry. "You can say anything you want on the trombone, but you gotta be careful with words," he explains.

DUKE was born in Washington, in 1899, when Buddy Bolden was sounding on his cornet those uncouth notes which historians say were the beginning of jazz. While the new music moved slowly north from New Orleans, first to St. Louis and Memphis, then spreading out to Chicago, New York, and Europe, Duke was attending public school and, at his mother's instigation, taking lessons on the piano from a woman he insists was named Miss Klinkscale. He was christened Edward Kennedy Ellington, but he has been called Duke since he was twelve, when his elegance and aplomb began to attract the attention of his playmates. His earliest musical memory, he says, goes back to when, at the age of four, he heard his mother playing "The Rosary" on the piano. "It was so pretty I bust out crying," he says. Duke occasionally speaks of his father as Uncle Ed. This is because Duke, who has only one



"We're slipping you this decoration, K-43, in recognition of your distinguished service in military intelligence."

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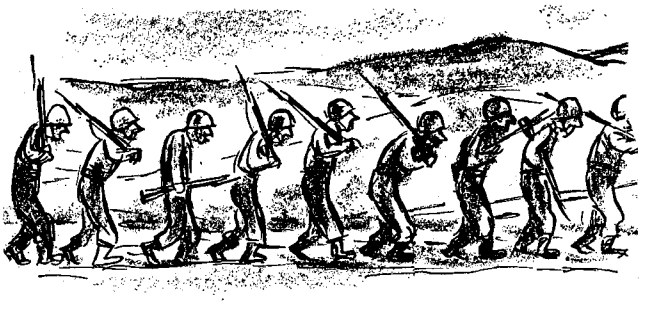
sister and no brothers, had twenty-eight cousins who were so frequently around the Ellington house that Duke and his sister picked up the name. Duke's father worked for the Navy Department as a blueprint developer. "Uncle Ed sure provided for his family," Duke says. "We didn't want for anything."

When Duke was fifteen, he attended a rent party, which in Washington was called a "hop" or a "shout." The guests paid ten or fifteen cents to their host. On this occasion a man named Lester Dishman was at the piano. "He was terrific—really good," Duke says. "The piano jumped. The air shook. With his left hand he really yum-yummed, while with his right he played intricately woven melodic things. But fast!" After hearing Dishman, Duke went to all the rent parties he could and heard Clarence Bowser, Doc Perry, Louis Brown, Louis Thomas, and other gifted pianists. "Bowser's music was majestic," Ellington recalls. "I used to think, if only I could just get on to that 'Sticky Mack' style of his. They got three, four, five dollars a night. When they played at these shouts, they never had a thought in the world, drinking gin and playing and things getting wild, so that someday serious writers in Europe would investigate them, writing monographs and things.

"Doc Perry," Ellington continues, "taught me to read notes, not just spell 'em out." Duke composed his first piece shortly after hearing Dishman, while he was fifteen. It was during a summer vacation from high school. Duke remembers that he began by moving the family upright into his own room. It had a player attachment, and Duke commenced his studies by slowing down a roll of James P. Johnson playing his own "Carolina Shout." For a week Duke studied the anatomy of "Carolina Shout." "Then I locked myself in my room for two weeks and when I came out I had a shout of my own," Duke says. (A "shout" in this sense is a composition to be played at a rent party.) He had not yet named it a few weeks later when he got a job as a soda jerker in the Poodle Dog Café, an establishment near the Senators' ball park, and in honor of this event he called it "Soda Fountain Rag." His early admirers thought he had written several shouts, for he played the piece first in blues time, then in waltz time, then straight, and finally what is now known as hot. "They never knew it was the same piece," Duke says. When the summer was over, Duke returned to high school, from which he graduated in 1917, when he was eighteen. While he was still in school, he got the notion that he might become a designer of advertising posters. He showed a certain amount of painting talent in class and won a scholarship to the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn for the study of commercial art. When the United States entered the first World War and Washington became a boom town, people there were so dance-crazy that jazz bands were in great demand, and Duke decided he could make more money by heading a band than he could as a commercial artist. He never used his scholarship to Pratt.

The first Ellington band consisted of Sonny Greer, a dapper, sporty young fellow who was and still is the drummer; Otto Hardwicke, a mild, dentisty gentleman who played the alto saxophone for Ellington, and still does; Charlie Irvis, trombone, now dead; Elmer Snowden, banjo, who now plays the guitar in another band; Arthur Whetsol, trumpet, now dead; and Duke, piano. Duke enjoys telling how he recruited Sonny, who was greatly admired by Ellington and the other young men in the band because he came from New York. "Sonny was a very fly drummer," Duke says, "but we wanted to be sure that he had really played in Harlem. He was playing in the pit band at the Howard Theatre in Washington and we waited on the street outside to grill him. I take the lead in conversation because I'm sure I'm a killer in my new shepherd's-plaid suit, bought on time. Sonny comes back at us with a line of jive on Harlem that lays us low. So we decide he's O.K. and he comes with the band." Duke was soon clearing as much as two hundred dollars a week. "As a result of prosperity," he says, "everybody in our band at that time became a juice hound, juice meaning any kind of firewater." Otto Hardwicke bought a car which the band called Dupadilly, and when Dupadilly broke down he bought one that was called Dear Me. During the next few years the band played in one small Washington cabaret after another, and in 1923 it moved to New York, where a young man named Bubber Miley replaced Arthur Whetsol. "Bubber was temperamental," Duke recalls. "He liked his liquor. He used to get under the piano and go to sleep any time he felt like it. In fact, all our horn blowers were lushies."

Duke, Sonny, and Otto (who holds that his name should be pronounced as if it were spelled O-toe) like to sit around and recall the golden days of their youth. All three have described in detail every hangover they can remember to those writers who want to believe that the pressure of jazz is so intense that young Negroes take to alcohol and dope in an effort to attain the proper mood to produce their fevered art, but their efforts to satisfy these writers are lame and they know it. Sonny sometimes sums up the distressing normality of their early days in New York by saying, "We scuffled around trying to make a buck, but we had a happy time. That's how it was." Occasionally he says, "Many's the time we split a hot dog six ways—but reluctantly." In a more mellow mood, he insists that they always ate as much as they could hold. "Duke drew people to him like flies to sugar," Sonny says. "Duke would turn on the old charm and then we would all eat." As a matter of fact, the band, which didn't get off to a particularly successful start in New York, lived for three months without visible means of support. They were supported, actually, by a legendary gentleman whom Duke refers to as "Mr. Gunion." "A Mr. Gunion," Duke says, "is any guy who throws his money around. Mr. Gunion supported us while we were spending most of our time hanging around, playing now and then, just for fun, at Harlem places like Mexico's, the Capitol Club, Barron's, and Small's Paradise." However, Mr. Gunion's support was precarious and at the end of the three months, Duke, Otto, and Sonny returned to Washington "to fatten up." As Duke, who values his food, recreates this happy occasion, he sounds like a Kentucky colonel remembering mint juleps on the pillared veranda. "We got to Washington on a Sunday morning," he says. "Otto went to his home, because he lived in Washington, and Sonny came home with me. I still remember the smell of hot biscuits when we walked in. There was butter and honey. My mother broiled six mackerel. There was lots of coffee. Uncle Ed got out the old decanter and we lay there drink-



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ing corn in the sunshine. It was nice."

The band reassembled in New York when they got news of a job at a place called the Hollywood Club, at Forty-ninth Street and Broadway. It was at this cabaret, later the Kentucky Club, that the Ellington band began to take on its permanent form. There it first went on the air, over national radio hookups, on early-morning sustaining programs, and there Bubber Miley, who was then the spark plug of the group, stamped his character on the band, by means of the growl of his trumpet and his gutbucket technique. The band's manner of playing came to be known as "the jungle style." It played at the Kentucky Club for four years and the only unpleasant events were four small fires, each of which managed to burn up Sonny Greer's drums.

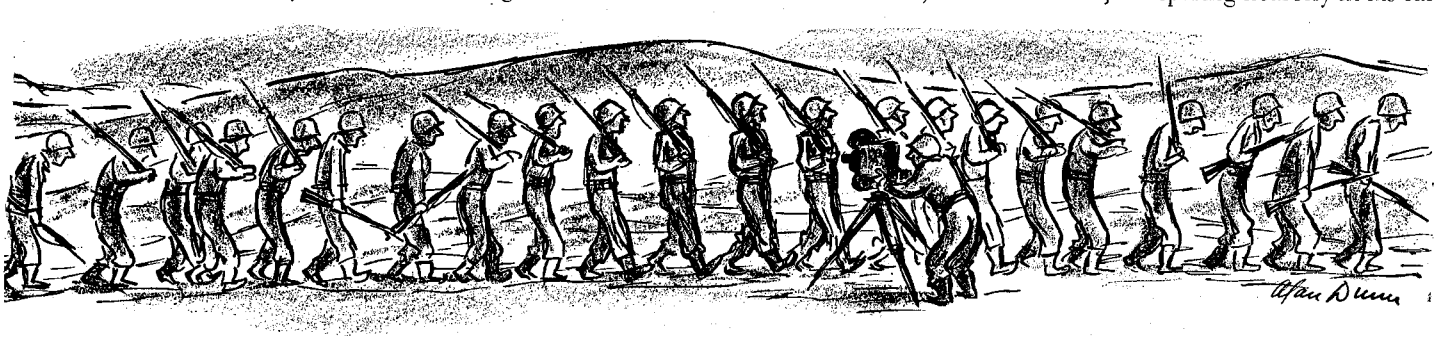
It was during this period that Freddie Guy, a slim, light-brown guitarist, joined the band. He is still with it, and today he says, "I grew up with this little band, and if they're going to hell, I'm going, too. Been everywhere else with 'em. When my wife says, as we start on a trip, 'Please don't go,' I say, 'All right. Hand me my suitcase.' " Guy remembers that the Kentucky Club had a line of twelve girls and that everyone worked till he dropped. "Once you put your horn in your mouth, you didn't take it out until," he says. He waits for his listener to ask, "Until when?" Then he says, "Until you quit. Until period. You started at nine and played until."

WHILE Duke was at the Kentucky Club, he began writing at the pace that has enabled him to turn out a total of more than twelve hundred pieces. In 1927, his last year there, he wrote, among other pieces, "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Creole Love Call," "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "Hop Head," "Down in Our Alley Blues," "Jubilee Stomp," "Black Beauty," "Blues I Love to Sing," "Birmingham Breakdown," and "The Creeper." Duke is proud of the fact that he never had any conservatory training. He likes to say, "I got most of my instruction riding around Central Park in a taxi." His instructor on these occasions was Will M. Cook, who once broke his violin into pieces after reading an article in the *Times* calling him the greatest Negro violinist in the world. "What I've been trying to be," he explained, "is the greatest violinist, not the greatest Negro violinist." "Will never wore a hat," Duke says, "and when people asked him why, he'd say because he didn't have the money to buy one. They'd give him five dollars and then he and I would get in a taxi and ride around Central Park and he'd give me lectures in music. I'd sing a melody in its simplest form and he'd stop me and say, 'Reverse your figures.' He was a brief but a strong influence. His language had to be pretty straight for me to know what he was talking about. Some of the things he used to tell me I never got a chance to use until years later, when I wrote the tone poem 'Black, Brown, and Beige.' "

In 1927, the band went on the road under the management of Irving Mills, an agent who specialized in Negro entertainment. It was playing at a theatre in Philadelphia when the proprietors of the Cotton Club in Harlem, which was just about to open, decided that they wanted to engage it. They had been persuaded by Jimmy McHugh, who had written the score of the show that was to open the new club. Duke couldn't go because he had a contract with the owner of the Philadelphia theatre which ran for a week beyond the date of the Cotton Club's opening, and the owner declared with considerable heat that nothing on earth could persuade him to release Ellington. The Cotton Club people acted with the forthrightness that was characteristic of the prohibition era. They called Boo Boo Hoff, a friend and an underworld power in Philadelphia, and Boo Boo sent an emissary known as Yankee Schwarz to the theatre man. "Be big," Yankee Schwarz pleaded. "Be big or," he mumbled embarrassedly, "you'll be dead." The choice presented no dilemma to the theatre man. Duke's band arrived at the Cotton Club a few minutes before the opening. Because of their excitement and exhaustion, the musicians didn't play well that opening night. One of the proprietors, a man with an Irish soul, didn't respond to their music, which seemed to him jangling and dissonant. His customers didn't seem to enjoy it, either. Before the night was over, he grimly expressed a wish for something more melodic and McHugh rushed up to Ellington. "For God's sake!" he cried. "Play 'Mother Machree' or I'm a goner!" Ellington did the best he could with it.

Both Ellington and McHugh survived the opening, and after a shaky beginning, the band soon reached heights that some of its admirers say it has never surpassed. Duke played five years at the Cotton Club, and there many of the band's most famous men joined it. Tricky Sam Nanton, trombone, and Harry Carney, baritone saxophone, had already signed up at the Kentucky Club, and now Wellman Braud, bass; Johnny Hodges, alto and soprano sax; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Juan Tizol, valve trombone; and Cootie Williams, trumpet, made their appearance. The boys from Harvard and Princeton discovered the orchestra and made weekend trips to Harlem to hear it play. Soon it was said that Duke's music, chromatically rich and often containing two or three themes in a delicate balance, had so modified jazz that he had created a new art form. Amid the prohibition frenzy that exploded each morning in the Cotton Club, there was always a serious little group of intellectuals who listened to "Mood Indigo," "The Mooche," "Awful Sad," "Sophisticated Lady," "Shout 'Em, Aunt Tillie," "Ring Dem Bells," "Cotton Club Stomp," "Flaming Youth," "Doin' the Voom Voom," and a hundred other Ellington pieces with a veneration theretofore reserved for Beethoven's Fifth.

"At first," Duke says, "I was happy. There were lots of pretty women and champagne and nice people and plenty of money." But some time in 1932, a year in which Duke made sixty thousand dollars, the life began to pall. The endless succession of drunks who demanded the right to drape their weaving bodies over him, whispering hoarsely in his ear,



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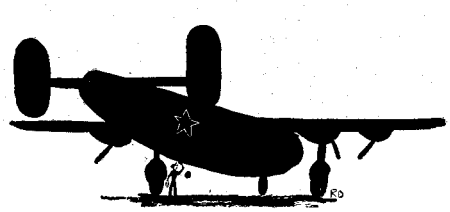
began to wear him down. He became moody. His friends started to worry about him. He frequently proclaimed that life was nothing but a racket, and he felt that he had things to say in music but that the commercialism of his trade was so overwhelming that he was not permitted to say them. "I'd bring something I thought was good to the music publishers," he recalls, "and they'd ask, 'Can an eight-year-old child sing it?' I'd bring something new to them and they'd say, 'This ain't what we're looking for. We want something like Gazookus wrote last week.' I'd see guys writing little pop numbers that were going over big. I didn't see why I should try to do something good. I thought I'd stop writing. Music publishers would come around with little tunes and say, 'If you'll put your name on it, we'll make it our Number One plug.' If something bad was plugged, it would go over better than something good that wasn't. I felt it was all a racket. I was on the point of giving up." Duke's mood in those days was so low that he was even irritated by his most ardent admirers, those who practically dedicated their lives to collecting and savoring the records that he and his band had been making ever since 1926. "One of these guys," Duke says, "would come up after you had played a number and say, 'Why did Barney hit an E-flat natural in the thirteenth bar? He didn't do it on the record.' If you did something new, it made 'em mad."

Duke's friends decided that a tour of Europe for him and his band might be the solution of the problem. The thought of such a thing alarmed Duke, who had an almost psychopathic fear of the ocean. His explanation was that when he was sixteen he had read a book about the suffering of those who went down on the Titanic. "What about icebergs?" he asked his friends. He was unconvinced when told that a collision was not inevitable. Nevertheless, Mills booked him and his band for a European tour, and they finally boarded the Olympic, bound for England, in the summer of 1933. Duke was full of foreboding. His anxiety grew when a passenger told him that at night the ship was steered not by human hands but by an automatic pilot. "I couldn't understand," Duke says, "how an automatic pilot could see an iceberg. I decided that I wasn't gonna take any chances by sleeping at night. I slept in the day and stayed up all night, but it was very lonesome." Duke tried to keep the band awake and alert through the dark hours by buying the boys quantities of a drink composed of Bass ale, brandy, and champagne, but the plan was self-defeating. One by one, Duke's companions would succumb to sleep, and by four or five in the morning he would find himself deserted. He would pace the deck miserably, waiting for daylight, when the robot helmsman would be relieved by a human being, who could see icebergs.

The reception Ellington got in England was vastly encouraging to him. A large crowd met him at the dock in Southampton and he was followed through the streets of London. He found that his desire to write sincerely, which he had felt was not appreciated, was understood and valued three thousand miles from the Cotton Club. He received an ovation when he walked out on the stage before his band to conduct a concert in London's Palladium. There were demonstrations at his concerts in Liverpool and Glasgow. He liked leading his band in "God Save the King" and told a British reporter, "I am very sincere when I play the King." He and his band went on to France, where he found that he was considered the originator of one of the only two art forms that had stemmed from America. (The other was the animated cartoon, as developed by Walt Disney.) He heard for the first time that he and his band were surrealists, because their music rose from the unconscious rather than the conscious.

The event in Europe Duke enjoyed most was a party given by Lord Beaverbrook for the Prince of Wales, at which the Ellington band provided the music. "It was very ducky," Duke told reporters on his return to the United States. "We were way up, feeling mellow, the result of plenty of nectar." Duke says that King George, then Duke of York, asked him to do a solo of "Swampy River," an Ellington composition. Duke did not recognize him and refused. "I gave him the light fluff," Duke recalls, "and said, 'You know, I never do solos.' " All in all, the present King had a bad time at the party. He had set his heart on going along with the band to a recording studio after the party to watch it make a record, but the Scotland Yard detectives wouldn't let him. They said there would be too big a crowd. "The Prince of Wales," Duke remembers, "wanted to show Sonny Greer how to beat those drums. We expected some Little Lord Fauntleroy stuff, but he really gave out some low-down Charleston."



WHEN Duke returned to the United States in the fall, he felt better. He now was certain that there was a breed of folk the world over who listened to his records and knew what he was driving at. For two years, which he spent on tour, he was in fine fettle. Then, in 1935, his mother, to whom he had been very close, died and he fell into a state of depression again. He had always felt that he and his activities were the special concern of a benevolent God. In the face of this tragedy, he began to doubt it. He wondered whether his luck had permanently changed. It was then that he began wearing the little gold cross that always hangs around his neck. He read his Bible through three times in 1935 in an effort to regain his equilibrium. "I wrote 'Reminiscing in Tempo' that year," Duke says. "It was one of my first ambitious things. It was written in a soliloquizing mood. My mother's death was the greatest shock. I didn't do anything but brood. The music is representative of that. It begins with pleasant thoughts. Then something awful gets you down. Then you snap out of it, and it ends affirmatively."

It took Duke some time to snap out of it. "When my mother died," he says, "the bottom dropped out. I had no ambition. Before that I'd compete with anybody. I'd say, 'You wanna fight? O.K., because I'm fighting for my mother and the money I get will go to her.' " When his father died, in 1937, Ellington suffered an emotional relapse and lost whatever ground he had gained. For a time he did almost no composing. In 1939, again at the urging of his friends, he decided to repeat the European cure. The band toured France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and once more Duke was restored. "You have to be a Negro to understand why," Rex Stewart, one of Ellington's trumpet men, once said. "Europe is a different world. You can go anywhere, do anything, talk to anybody. You can't believe it. You are like a guy who has eaten hot dogs all his life and is suddenly offered caviar. You can't believe it."

"Things have happened to me in such a way," Duke said on his return, "as to prove religion to me. I have stood alone and had things come out all right. I'm certain religion gives you strength.

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It makes you feel that if you are God's son you are strong and don't have to worry."

DUKE has made nearly a million dollars in the last twenty years, but he has spent it as he made it. He has received about a half million in royalties from phonograph records; almost twenty million of his records have been sold. He has received a quarter of a million in sheet-music royalties. For one-night stands—dances and concerts—which have taken up most of the band's time in recent years, Duke collects between $1,250 and $2,000, depending on the attendance. He may gross as much as $10,000 a week from one-nighters, but the band's payroll and expenses are so heavy that he is fortunate if he breaks even on the road. Duke's men receive between $125 and $185 a week and expenses when travelling, while he draws $600, $250 from the current receipts, the remainder in the form of an allowance from the auditor—a white man named William Mittler—who handles all his financial affairs. He spends money lavishly, supports a good many hangers-on, lends money freely, gets it back infrequently, and is usually broke when the weekly pay day rolls around. In 1939, a year in which the band came out even, he took in $160,000; in 1940 he grossed $185,000, but his payroll had ascended from $80,000 to $98,000, and travel expenses had increased from $25,000 to $30,000. The following year he took in only $135,000 and ended up with a loss of $1,500, and in 1942 he grossed $210,000 and netted only $4,000. He is now under the management of the William Morris agency. In order to sell his records and sheet music, Duke must remain before the public even when it costs him money. He lost $18,000, for example, on a six-month engagement at the Hurricane in 1943, but he figured that it was a good investment because of the Broadway address and the free radio time and publicity.

Ellington lives in a large, airy apartment at 935 St. Nicholas Avenue. The furnishings, which include gold-and-blue rugs and tapestries from Sweden, are modern. He was married in 1918, but for the past fifteen years he has been separated from his wife, who lives in Washington. They have one son, Mercer, also a composer and now a sergeant in the Army. Occasionally, around four or five in the morning, when the band is in New York, the men go up to Duke's apartment and talk, drink, and eat until almost noon. Many of their remarks are apt to begin, "Do you remember when . . ." and the stories they introduce may concern anything from the time that Tricky Sam, after a good deal of schnapps in Copenhagen, joined a confusing Danish folk dance, to the time Harold Baker blasted out a trumpet solo to quell a riot on a boat on the Mississippi. Junior Raglin, as bulky as a football player and as black as Jack Johnson, may tell how he misplaced his bull fiddle in Boise, Idaho, and Rex Stewart is almost sure to speak of his experiences while trouping with Gene Bedini's "Peek-A-Boo" girl show through Pennsylvania when he was fifteen years old.

As the morning progresses, the gigantic Junior may confide his ambition to play the Italian harp in a symphony orchestra, and Jimmy Hamilton, Duke's intense young clarinettist, will probably become involved in an argument over his favorite instrument. "The clarinet," he will say, "is a very intelligent instrument." Nicknames are a good deal in evidence and it develops that Johnny Hodges is known as Rabbit, that Sonny is called Nasty, that Rex is known as Fatstuff, and that Otto Hardwicke is Professor Boozay. When Sonny and Otto join forces to roam Harlem in search of diversion, their nicknames change to Spruce and Juice. There is a lot of laughter and a lot of noise at these gatherings, but almost inevitably there are solemn interludes in which the men complain that the band can't get a radio sponsor because its members are Negroes. Duke thinks that winning the war will change this and much more. When he was working several months ago on a composition called "New World A-Coming," he liked to repeat the title and then say, "And I mean it."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(This is the last of three articles on Mr. Ellington.)

"Would you mind not reading out loud!"

•

When asked to compare student recreation here to student recreation in Japan, Masa just cooked an eyebrow.—*Ohio State University Lantern.*

Evasive sort of person?

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THE THEATRE

FAIR ENOUGH

THE Agatha Christie book from which "Ten Little Indians" was adapted was called "And Then There Were None," and it was a rather nice piece of work. Ten people, it seems, were summoned to a little island off the Devonshire coast by a man whose identity was never precisely clear in any of their minds, though there was something impish and peremptory about his method of collecting guests that suggested to me when I read it that he might be Alexander Woollcott, who, you may recall, once assembled the damned on an island, too. Anyway, they were a richly assorted bunch, alike only in that each of them somewhere in the past had been responsible for one or more deaths but had managed to escape the usual machinery of justice. The island at first seemed an innocent and pretty place, though understaffed, but presently some very peculiar things began to happen. First, there was a voice from nowhere denouncing the visitors separately and specifically for their half-forgotten crimes; then it developed that the only boat had disappeared and the island was cut off from all communication with the shore; and then, one by one, the ten began to meet their dark, perplexing ends. Mrs. Christie was very ingenious about that, since each one died in the approximate manner prescribed in the nursery rhyme from which her book took its title, and the gruesome count was kept by the destruction each time of a little china figure on the mantel. In the end there were literally none and nothing, indeed, left at all except a manuscript in a bottle to explain which one of them had killed his nine companions and then with mad hilarity erased himself. It was a very agreeable book, demonstrating again that Mrs. Christie is a fine, original girl at plotting a massacre and also writes a handsome, gothic prose very suitable to her grisly purposes.

With the exception of a variation at the end to allow for love and conceivably to avoid lowering a final curtain on ten dead actors—not a bad idea in itself but probably too advanced for our theatre at the moment—the play at the Broadhurst sticks quite closely to the book and the result, I think, is a reasonably satisfactory summer entertainment. Like almost all attempts to transfer a more or less standardized detective story to the stage, however, it has its drawbacks. For one thing, the rather elaborate structure of Mrs. Christie's novel—the intensely complicated past histories of ten people, in addition to the running story of their slaughter—necessitates a good deal of crowded and not very lively exposition that is somehow easier to follow while reading a book in a hammock than while listening to an actor on a hot night. For another, the peculiar demands of comedy melodrama seem to have called for a good many laughs not in the original, and the humor that has been inserted is always broad and often has a tendency to defeat the author's sinister intent. Finally, eight murders, four offstage and four on, inevitably have a sort of comic and diminishing effect as the evening wears on, somehow emphasized in this instance by the fact that the action all takes place in a single set, and not a very distinguished one at that. In spite of all its faults, however, "Ten Little Indians" is a better than average specimen of its school, especially in its last act, when the wind from the sea is tearing at the shutters and the corpses pile up high by candlelight, and it should gratify its special, bloodthirsty public. The cast is also considerably better than those usually employed for such elementary goings on. It includes Claudia Morgan, Halliwell Hobbes, Michael Whalen, Estelle Winwood, J. Pat O'Malley, and Nicholas Joy, and one of these is a hound from blackest hell.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

"At least I learned something from him."

•

One of the major subjects to be discussed by the greeters, who are doubling up in local hotelrooms, will be that of admitting women to their organization.
—*Chicago Sun.*

Without any unnecessary delay.

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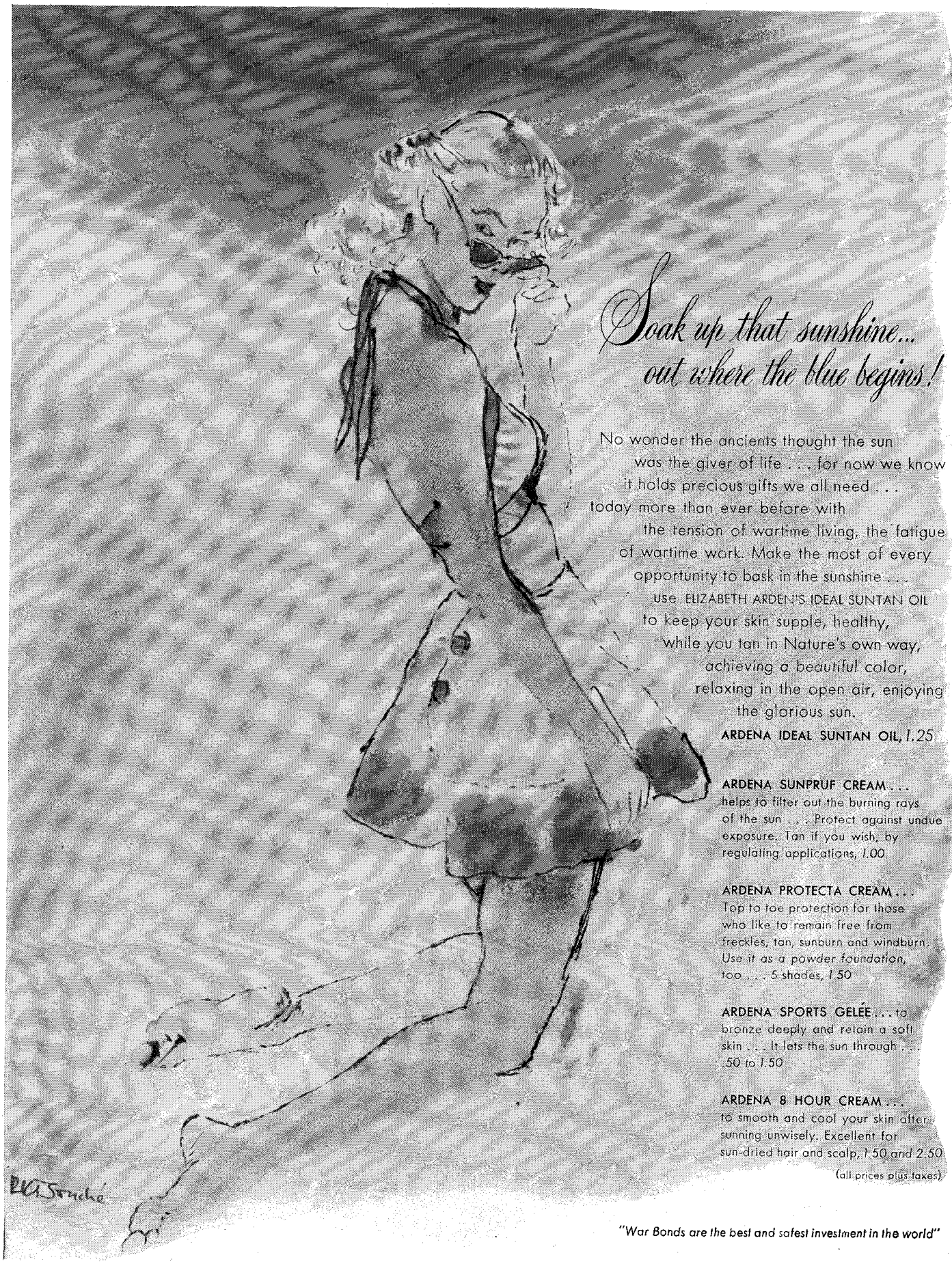

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

CROSS-CHANNEL TRIP—II

PEACE or war, the boat trip across the English Channel always begins with the passengers in the same mood: everybody hopes he won't get seasick. On the whole, this is a favorable morale factor at the outset of an invasion. A soldier cannot fret about possible attacks by the Luftwaffe or E-boats while he is preoccupied with himself, and the vague fear of secret weapons on the far shore is balanced by the fervent desire to get the far shore under his feet. Few of the hundred and forty passengers on the LCIL (Landing Craft, Infantry, Large) I was on were actively sick the night before D Day, but they were all busy thinking about it. The four officers and twenty-nine men of the United States Coast Guard who made up her complement were not even queasy, but they had work to do, which was just as good. The rough weather, about which the papers have talked so much since D Day and which in fact interfered with the landing, was not the kind that tosses about transatlantic liners or even Channel packets; it was just a bit too rough for the smaller types of landing craft we employed. An LCIL, as its name implies, is not one of the smallest, but it's small enough, and aboard our flat-bottomed, three-hundred-ton job the Channel didn't seem especially bad that night. There was a ground swell for an hour after we left port, but then the going became better than I had anticipated. LCTs (Landing Craft, Tank), built like open troughs a hundred feet long, to carry armored vehicles, had a much worse time, particularly since, being slow, they had had to start hours before us. Fifty-foot LCMs (Landing Craft, Mechanized) and fifty-foot and thirty-six foot LCVPs (Landing Craft, Vehicles and Personnel), swarms of which crossed the Channel under their own power, had still more trouble. The setting out of our group of LCILs was unimpressive—just a double file of ships, each a hundred and fifty-five feet long, bound for a rendezvous with a great many other ships at three in the morning ten or fifteen miles off a spot on the coast of lower Normandy. Most of the troops travelled in large transports, from which the smaller craft transferred them to shore. The LCILs carried specially packaged units for early delivery on the Continent doorstep.

Our skipper, Lieutenant Henry Rigg, nicknamed Bunny, turned in early that evening because he wanted to be fresh for a hard day's work by the time we arrived at the rendezvous, which was to take place in what was known as the transport area. So did the commander of a naval beach battalion who was riding with us. The function of this battalion was to organize beach traffic after the Infantry had taken the beach. I stood on deck for a while. As soon as I felt sleepy, I went down into the small compartment in which I had a bunk and went to sleep—with my clothes on, naturally. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. That was at about eight. I woke three hours later and saw a fellow next to me being sick in a paper bag and I went up to the galley and had a cup of coffee. Then I went back to my bunk and slept until a change in motion and in the noise of the motors woke me again.

The ship was wallowing slowly now, and I judged that we had arrived at the transport area and were loafing about. I looked at my wristwatch and saw that we were on time. It was about three. So we hadn't been torpedoed by an E-boat. A good thing. Drowsily, I wondered a little at the fact that the enemy had made no attempt to intercept the fleet and hoped there would be good air cover, because I felt sure that the Luftwaffe couldn't possibly pass up the biggest target of history. My opinion of the Luftwaffe was still strongly influenced by what I remembered from June, 1940, in France, and even from January and February, 1943, in Tunisia. I decided to stay in my bunk until daylight, dozed, woke again, and then decided I couldn't make it. I went up on deck in the gray pre-dawn light sometime before five. I drew myself a cup of coffee from an electric urn in the galley and stood by the door drinking it and looking at the big ships around us. They made me feel proletarian. They would stay out in the Channel and send in their troops in small craft, while working-class vessels like us went right up on the beach. I pictured them inhabited by officers in dress blues and shiny brass buttons, all scented like the World's Most Distinguished After-Shave Club. The admiral's command ship lay nearby. I imagined it to be gaffed with ingenious gimmicks that would record the developments of the operation. I could imagine a terse report coming in of the annihilation of a flotilla of LCILs, including us, and hear some Annapolis man saying, "After all, that sort of thing is to be expected." Then I felt that everything was going to be all right, because it always had been. A boatswain's mate, second class, named Barrett, from Rich Square, North Carolina, stopped next to me to drink his coffee and said, "I bet Findley a pound that we'd be hit this time. We most always is. Even money."

We wouldn't start to move, I knew, until about six-thirty, the time when the very first man was scheduled to walk onto the beach. Then we would leave the transport area so that we could beach and perform our particular chore—landing one platoon of the naval

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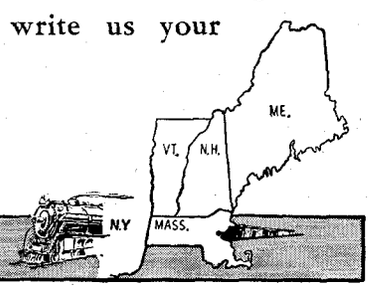

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

beach battalion and a platoon of Army amphibious engineers—at seven-thirty-five. A preliminary bombardment of the beach defenses by the Navy was due to begin at dawn. "Ought to be hearing the guns soon," I said to Barrett, and climbed the ladder to the upper deck. Rigg was on the bridge drinking coffee, and with him was Long, the ship's engineering officer. It grew lighter and the guns began between us and the shore. The sound made us all cheerful and Long said, "I'd hate to be in under that." Before dawn the transports had begun putting men into small craft that headed for the line of departure, a line nearer shore from which the first assault wave would be launched.

Time didn't drag now. We got under way sooner than I had somehow expected. The first troops were on the beaches. The battleship Arkansas and the French cruisers Montcalm and Georges Leygues were pounding away on our starboard as we moved in. They were firing over the heads of troops, at targets farther inland. Clouds of yellow cordite smoke billowed up. There was something leonine in their tint as well as in the roar that followed, after that lapse of time which never fails to disconcert me. We went on past the big ships, like a little boy with the paternal blessing. In this region the Germans evidently had no long-range coastal guns, like the ones near Calais, for the warships' fire was not returned. This made me feel good. The absence of resistance always increases my confidence. The commander of the naval beach battalion had now come on deck, accoutred like a soldier, in greenish coveralls and tin hat. I said to him cheerfully, "Well, it looks as though the biggest difficulty you're going to have is getting your feet in cold water."

He stood there for a minute and said, "What are you thinking of?"

I said, "I don't know why, but I'm thinking of the garden restaurant behind the Museum of Modern Art in New York." He laughed, and I gave him a pair of binoculars I had, because I knew he didn't have any and that he had important use for them.

Our passengers—the beach-battalion platoon and the amphibious engineers—were now forming two single lines on the main deck, each group facing the ramp by which it would leave the ship. Vaghi and Reich, beach-battalion ensigns, were lining up their men on the port side and Miller, an Army lieutenant with a new beard, was arranging his men on the starboard side. I wished the commander good luck and went up on the bridge, which was small and crowded but afforded the best view.

An LCIL has two ramps, one on each side of her bow, which she lowers and thrusts out ahead of her when she beaches. Each ramp is handled by means of a winch worked by two men; the two winches stand side by side deep in an open-well deck just aft of the bow. If the ramps don't work, the whole operation is fouled up, so an LCIL skipper always assigns reliable men to operate them. Two seamen named Findley and Lechich were on the port winch, and two whom I knew as Rocky and Bill were on the other. Williams, the ship's executive officer, was down in the well deck with the four of them.

WE had been in sight of shore for a long while, and now I could recognize our strip of beach from our intelligence photographs. There was the house with the tower on top of the cliff on our starboard as we went in. We had been warned that preliminary bombardment might remove it, so we should not count too much upon it as a landmark; however, there it was and it gave me the pleasure of recognition. A path was to have been blasted and swept for us through element C (underwater concrete and iron obstacles) and mines, and the entrance to it was to have been marked with colored buoys. The buoys were there, so evidently the operation was going all right. Our LCIL made a turn and headed for the opening like a halfback going into a hole in the line. I don't know whether Rigg suddenly became solicitous for my safety or whether he simply didn't want me underfoot on the bridge, where two officers and two signalmen had trouble getting around even without me. He said, "Mr. Liebling will take his station on the upper deck during action." This was formal language from the young man I had learned to call Bunny, especially since the action did not seem violent as yet, but I climbed down the short ladder from the bridge to the deck, a move which put the wheelhouse between me and the bow. The upper deck was also the station for a pharmacist's mate named Kallam, who was our reserve first-aid man. A landing craft carries no doctor, the theory being that a pharmacist's mate will make temporary repairs until the patient can be transferred to a larger ship. We had two

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men with this rating aboard. The other, a fellow named Barry, was up in the bow. Kallam was a sallow, long-faced North Carolinian who once told me he had gone into the peacetime Navy as a youth and had never been good for anything else since. This was his first action, except for a couple of landings in Nicaragua around 1930.

The shore curved out toward us on the port side of the ship and when I looked out in that direction I could see a lot of smoke from what appeared to be shells bursting on the beach. There was also an LCT, grounded and burning. "Looks as if there's opposition," I said to Kallam, without much originality. At about the same time something splashed in the water off our starboard quarter, sending up a high spray. We were moving in fast now. I could visualize, from the plan I had seen so often in the last few days, the straight, narrow lane in which we had to stay. "On a straight line—like a rope ferry," I thought. The view on both sides changed rapidly. The LCT which had been on our port bow was now on our port quarter, and another LCT, also grounded, was now visible. A number of men, who had evidently just left her, were in the water, some up to their necks and others up to their armpits, and they didn't look as if they were trying to get ashore. Tracer bullets were skipping around them and they seemed perplexed. What I hate most about tracers is that every time you see one, you know there are four more bullets that you don't see, because only one tracer to five bullets is loaded in a machine-gun belt. Just about then, it seems in retrospect, I felt the ship ground.

I looked down at the main deck, and the beach-battalion men were already moving ahead, so I knew that the ramps must be down. I could hear Long shouting, "Move along now! Move along!," as if he were unloading an excursion boat at Coney Island. But the men needed no urging; they were moving without a sign of flinching. You didn't have to look far for tracers now, and Kallam and I flattened our backs against the pilot house and pulled in our stomachs, as if to give a possible bullet an extra couple of inches clearance. Something tickled the back of my neck. I slapped at it and discovered that I had most of the ship's rigging draped around my neck and shoulders, like a character in an old slapstick movie about a spaghetti factory, or like Captain Horatio Hornblower. The rigging had been cut away by bullets. As Kallam and I looked toward the stern, we could see a tableau

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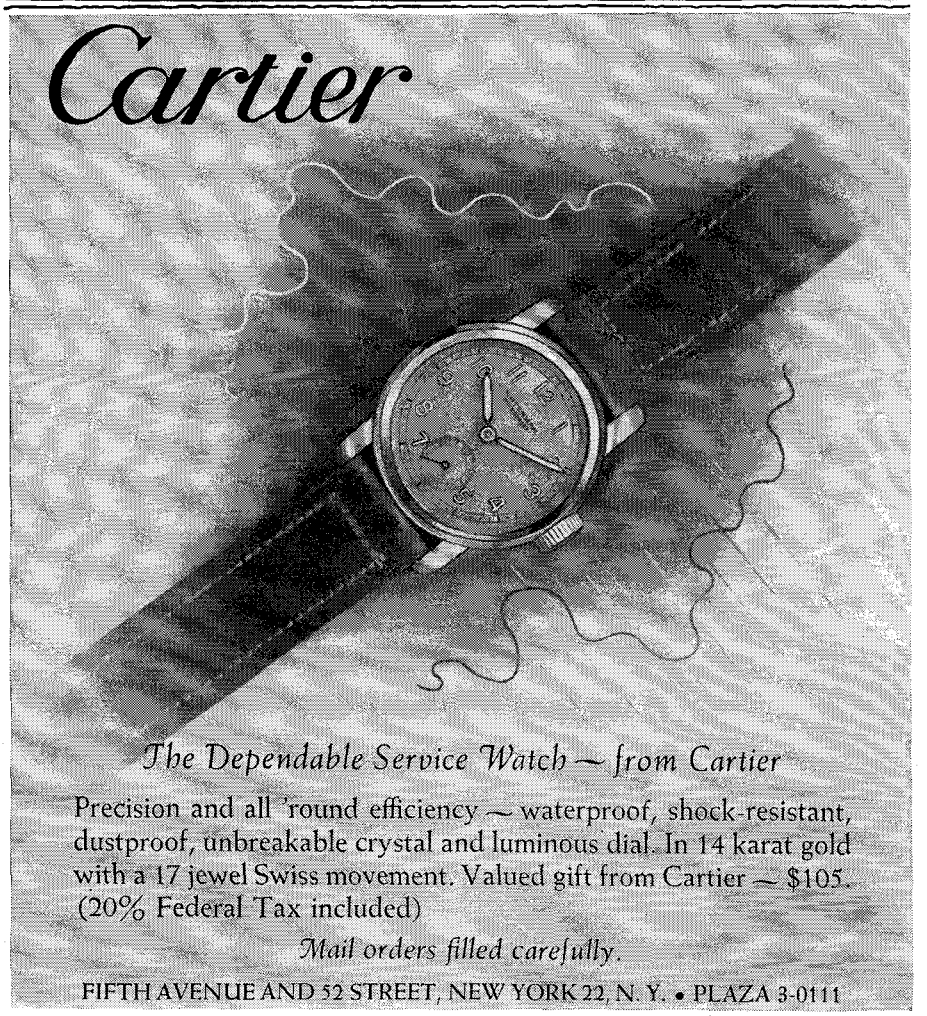

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RUTH GORDON IN
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Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
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EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT. 2:40

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
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By Joseph Fields
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DAVE WOLPER (in association with Al Borde) presents
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that was like a recruiting poster. There was a twenty-millimetre rapid-firing gun on the upper deck. Since it couldn't bear forward because of the pilot house and since there was nothing to shoot at on either side, it was pointed straight up at the sky in readiness for a possible dive-bombing attack. It had a crew of three men, and they were kneeling about it, one on each side and one behind the gun barrel, all looking up at the sky in an extremely earnest manner, and getting all the protection they could out of the gunshield. As a background to the men's heads, an American flag at the ship's stern streamed across the field of vision. It was a new flag, which Rigg had ordered hoisted for the first time for the invasion, and its colors were brilliant in the sun. To make the poster motif perfect, one of the three men was a Negro, William Jackson, from New Orleans, a ward-room steward, who, like everybody else on the LCIL, had multiple duties.

The last passenger was off the ship now, and I could hear the stern anchor cable rattling on the drum as it came up. An LCIL drops a stern anchor just before it grounds, and pays out fifty to a hundred fathoms of chain cable as it slowly slides the last couple of ship's lengths toward shore. To get under way again, it takes up the cable, pulling itself afloat. I had not known until that minute how eager I was to hear the sound of the cable that follows the order "Take in on stern anchor." Almost as the cable began to come in, something hit the ship with the solid clunk of metal against metal—not as hard as a collision or a bomb blast; just "clink." Long yelled down, "Pharmacist's mate go forward. Somebody's hurt." Kallam scrambled down the ladder to the main deck with his kit. Then Long yelled to a man at the stern anchor winch, "Give it hell!" An LCIL has to pull itself out and get the anchor up before it can use its motors, because otherwise the propeller might foul in the cable. The little engine which supplies power for the winch is built by a farm-machinery company in Waukesha, Wisconsin, and every drop of gasoline that went into the one on our ship was filtered through chamois skin first. That engine is the ship's insurance policy. A sailor now came running up the stairway from the cabin. He grabbed me and shouted, "Two casualties in bow!" I passed this information on to the bridge for whatever good it might do; both pharmacist's mates were forward already and there was really nothing else to be done. Our craft had now swung clear, the anchor was up, and the engines went into play. She turned about and shot forward like a destroyer. The chief machinist's mate said afterward that the engines did seven hundred revolutions a minute instead of the six hundred that was normal top speed. Shells were kicking up water-spouts around us as we went; the water they raised looked black. Rigg said afterward, "Funny thing. When I was going in, I had my whole attention fixed on two mines attached to sunken concrete blocks on either side of the place where we went in. I knew they hadn't been cleared away—just a path between them. They were spider mines, those things with a lot of loose cables. Touch one cable and you detonate the mine. When I was going out, I was so excited that I forgot all about the damn mines and didn't think of them until I was two miles past them."

A SAILOR came by and Shorty, one of the men in the gun crew, said to him, "Who was it?" The sailor said, "Rocky and Bill. They're all tore up. A shell got the winch and ramps and all." I went forward to the well deck, which was sticky with a mixture of blood and condensed milk. Soldiers had left cases of rations lying all about the ship, and a fragment of the shell that hit the boys had torn into a carton of cans of milk. Rocky and Bill had been moved belowdecks into one of the large forward compartments. Rocky was dead beyond possible doubt, somebody told me, but the pharmacist's mates had given Bill blood plasma and thought he might still be alive. I remembered Bill, a big, baby-faced kid from the District of Columbia, built like a wrestler. He was about twenty, and the other boys used to kid him about a girl he was always writing letters to. A third wounded man, a soldier dressed in khaki, lay on a stretcher on deck breathing hard through his mouth. His long, triangular face looked like a dirty drumhead; his skin was white and drawn tight over his high cheekbones. He wasn't making much noise. There was a shooting-gallery smell over everything, and when we passed close under the Arkansas and she let off a salvo, a couple of our men who had their backs to her quivered and had to be reassured. Long and Kavanaugh, the communica-

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LISTEN: JULY 8, 1944

Tuesday, June 20, "CBS War Bond Day" was a climax of the Fifth War Loan Drive with a 75-minute program *The Land Is Bright,* written and produced by William N. Robson and Robert L. Shayon.

Split second timing switched the program from Boston Light to Birmingham to Seattle to Los Angeles, to coal mines, wheat fields, training camps, airplane factories, cattle ranches. ("One of the best jobs ever done," said *Variety*).

From these scenes such CBS stars as Fred Allen, Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Durante, Irene Beasley, Phil Baker, Bob Hawk, Dinah Shore, Danny O'Neil, Garry Moore and the *Vox Pop* team of Parks Johnson and Warren Hull made bond appeals.

Here's CBS' Fifth War Loan calendar:

June 6—Bob Hawk's 6-city bond tour started in Cincinnati, went on to Louisville, Washington, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, and Allentown.

June 12—CBS shared in a 4-network bond show in Texarkana, Tex.

June 13—Gracie Allen, George Burns, Dinah Shore helped Kansas City climb up its $79 million quota.

June 14—Secretary Morgenthau and Frederic March led a mass bond broadcast rally in the Hollywood Bowl.

June 16—*Beyond the Call,* a CBS-American Hotel Association program, originating in hotels across the country.

June 19—The Screen Guild Players put on their regular program in Los Angeles with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Hedda Hopper—admission by war-bond purchase only.

June 20—CBS' "War Bond" Day.

June 27—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Winston Churchill (from London) and Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, Jr. spoke over CBS exclusively.

The soaring total raised by these special bond programs, and by hundreds of 1-minute bond appeals at the opening and closing of regular CBS programs, will buy a mountain of what it takes to win a war.

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(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

tions officer, were already going about the ship trying to get things ticking again, but they had little success at first.

Halfway out to the transport area, another LCIL hailed us and asked us to take a wounded man aboard. They had got him from some smaller craft, but they had to complete a mission before they could go back to the big ships. We went alongside and took him over the rail. He was wrapped in khaki blankets and strapped into a wire basket litter. After we had sheered away, a man aboard the other LCIL yelled at us to come back so that he could hand over a half-empty bottle of plasma with a long rubber tube attached. "This goes with him," he said. We went alongside again and he handed the bottle to one of our fellows. It was trouble for nothing, because the man by then had stopped breathing.

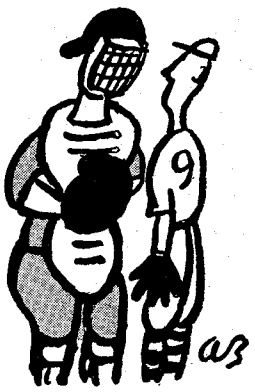
We made our way out to a transport called the Dorothea Dix that had a hospital ward fitted out. We went alongside and Rigg yelled that we had four casualties aboard. A young naval doctor climbed down the grapple net hanging on the Dix's side and came aboard. After he had looked at our soldier, he called for a breeches buoy and the soldier was hoisted up sitting in that. He had been hit in one shoulder and one leg, and the doctor said he had a good chance. The three others had to be sent up in wire baskets, vertically, like Indian papooses. A couple of Negroes on the upper deck of the Dix dropped a line which our men made fast to the top of one basket after another. Then the man would be jerked up in the air by the Negroes as if he were going to heaven. Now that we carried no passengers and were lighter, the sea seemed rough. We bobbled under the towering transport and the wounded men swung wildly on the end of the line, a few times almost striking against the ship. A Coastguardsman reached up for the bottom of one basket so that he could steady it on its way up. At least a quart of blood ran down on him, covering his tin hat, his upturned face, and his blue overalls. He stood motionless for an instant, as if he didn't know what had happened, seeing the world through a film of red, because he wore eyeglasses and blood had covered the lenses. The basket, swaying eccentrically, went up the side. After a couple of seconds, the Coastguardsman turned and ran to a sink aft of the galley, where he turned on the water and began washing himself. A couple of minutes after the last litter had been hoisted aboard, an officer on the Dix leaned over her rail and shouted down, "Medical officer in charge says two of these men are dead! He says you should take them back to the beach and bury them." Out there, fifteen miles off shore, they evidently thought that this was just another landing exercise. A sailor on deck said, "The son of a bitch ought to see that beach."

Rigg explained to the officer that it would be impossible to return to the beach and ordered the men to cast off the lines, and we went away from the Dix. Now that the dead and wounded were gone, I saw Kallam sneak to the far rail and be sicker than I have ever seen a man at sea. We passed close by the command ship and signalled that we had completed our mission. We received a signal, "Wait for orders," and for the rest of the day we loafed, while we tried to reconstruct what had happened to us. Almost everybody on the ship had a battle headache.

"What hurts me worst," Lechich said, "is thinking what happened to those poor guys we landed. That beach was hot with Jerries. And they didn't have nothing to fight with—only carbines and rifles. They weren't even supposed to be combat troops."

"I don't think any of them could be alive now," another man said.

As the hours went by and we weren't ordered to do anything, it became evident that our bit of beach wasn't doing well, for we had expected, after delivering our first load on shore, to be employed in ferrying other troops from transports to the beach, which the beach-battalion boys and engineers would in the meantime have been helping to clear. Other LCILs of our flotilla were also lying idle. We saw one of them being towed, and then we saw her capsize. Three others, we heard, were lying up on one strip of beach, burned. Landing craft are reckoned expendable. Rigg came down from the bridge and, seeing me, said, "The beach is closed to LCILs now. Only small boats going in. Wish they'd thought of that earlier. We lost three good men."



"Which three?" I asked. "I know about Rocky and Bill."

"The coxswain is gone," Bunny said. I remembered the coxswain, an earnest young fellow who wanted to be a news-

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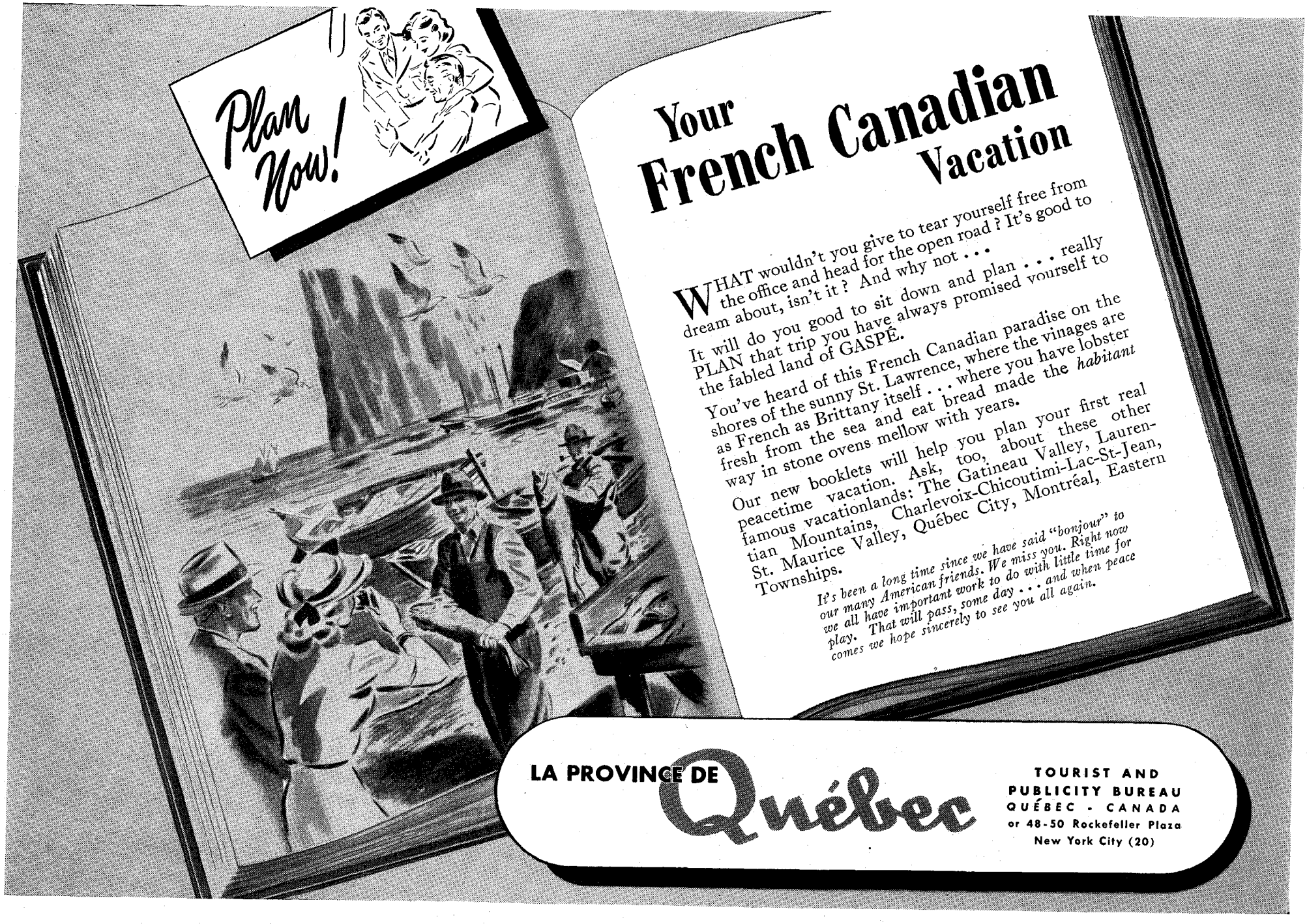

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WHAT wouldn't you give to tear yourself free from the office and head for the open road? It's good to dream about, isn't it? And why not . . .

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You've heard of this French Canadian paradise on the shores of the sunny St. Lawrence, where the vinages are as French as Brittany itself . . . where you have lobster fresh from the sea and eat bread made the *habitant* way in stone ovens mellow with years.

Our new booklets will help you plan your first real peacetime vacation. Ask, too, about these other famous vacationlands: The Gatineau Valley, Laurentian Mountains, Charlevoix-Chicoutimi-Lac-St-Jean, St. Maurice Valley, Québec City, Montréal, Eastern Townships.

It's been a long time since we have said "bonjour" to our many American friends. We miss you. Right now we all have important work to do with little time for play. That will pass, some day . . . and when peace comes we hope sincerely to see you all again.

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paperman, and who, dressed in swimming trunks, was going to go overboard ahead of everyone else and run a guideline into shore.

"Couldn't he get back?" I asked.

"He couldn't get anywhere," Rigg answered. "He had just stepped off the ramp when he disintegrated. He must have stepped right into an H. E. shell. Cox was a good lad. We'd recommended him for officers' school." Rigg walked away for the inevitable cup of coffee, shaking his big tawny head. I knew he had a battle headache, too.

A while afterward, I asked Rigg what he had been thinking as we neared the coast and he said he had been angry because the men we were going to put ashore hadn't had any coffee. "The poor guys had stayed in the sack as late as they could instead," he said. "Going ashore without any coffee!"

Long was having a look at the damage the shell had done to our ship, and I joined him in tracing its course. It had entered the starboard bow well above the waterline, about the level of the ship's number, then had hit the forward anchor winch, had been deflected toward the stern of the boat, had torn through the bulkhead and up through the cover of the escape hatch, then had smashed the ramp winch and Rocky and Bill. It had been a seventy-five-millimetre anti-tank shell with solid-armor-piercing head, which had broken into several pieces after it hit the ramp winch. The boys kept finding chunks of it around, but enough of it stayed in one piece to show what it had been. "They had us crisscrossed with guns in all those pillboxes that were supposed to have been knocked off," Long said. "Something must have gone wrong. We gave them a perfect landing, though," he added with professional pride. "I promised the commander we would land him dry tail and we did." Long has been in the Coast Guard twenty years and nothing surprises him; he has survived prohibition, Miami and Fire Island hurricanes, and three landings. He is a cheerful soul who has an original theory about fear. "I always tell my boys that fear is a passion like any other passion," he had once told me. "Now, if you see a beautiful dame walking down the street, you feel passion but you control it, don't you? Well, if you begin to get frightened, which is natural, just control yourself also, I tell them." Long said that he had seen the commander start off from the ship at a good clip, run well until he got up near the first line of sand dunes, then stagger. "The commander was at the head of the line about to leave the ship when young Vaghi, that big ensign, came up and must have asked him for the honor of going first," Long said. "They went off that way, Vaghi out ahead, running as if he was running out on a field with a football under his arm. Miller led the soldiers off the other ramp, and he stepped out like a little gentleman, too." The space where the starboard ramp had once been gave the same effect as an empty sleeve or eye socket.

It was Frankel, a signalman who had been on the bridge, who told me sometime that afternoon about how the wounded soldier had come to be on board. Frankel, whose family lives on East Eighteenth Street in Brooklyn, was a slender, restless fellow who used to be a cutter in the garment centre. He played in dance bands before he got his garment-union card, he once told me, and on the ship he occasionally played hot licks on the bugle slung on the bridge. "A shell hit just as we were beginning to pull out," Frankel said, "and we had begun to raise the ramps. It cut all but about one strand of the cable that was holding the starboard ramp and the ramp was wobbling in the air when I saw a guy holding on to the end of it. I guess a lot of us saw him at the same time. He was just clutching the ramp with his left arm, because he had been shot in the other shoulder. I'll never forget his eyes. They seemed to say, 'Don't leave me behind.' He must have been hit just as he stepped off the ramp leaving the ship. It was this soldier. So Ryan and Landini went out and got him. Ryan worked along the rail inside the ramp and Landini worked along the outside edge of the ramp and they got him and carried him back into the ship. There was plenty of stuff flying around, too, and the ramp came away almost as soon as they got back. That's one guy saved, anyway." Ryan was a seaman cook who helped Fassy, the commissary steward, in the galley, and Landini was the little First Avenue Italian who had made up a special song for himself—"I'm going over to France and I'm shaking in my pants."

Along about noon, an LCVP, a troughlike fifty-footer, hailed us and asked if we could take care of five soldiers. Rigg said we could. The craft came alongside and passed over five drenched and shivering tank soldiers who had been found floating on a rubber raft. They were the crew of a tank

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that had been going in on a very small craft and they had been swamped by a wave. The tank had gone to the bottom and the soldiers had just managed to make it to the raft. The pharmacist's mates covered them with piles of blankets and put them to bed in one of our large compartments. By evening they were in the galley drinking coffee with the rest of us. They were to stay on the ship for nearly a week, as it turned out, because nobody would tell us what to do with them. They got to be pretty amphibious themselves. The sergeant in command was a fellow from Cleveland named Angelatti. He was especially happy about being saved, apparently because he liked his wife. He would keep repeating, "Gee, to think it's my second anniversary—I guess it's my lucky day!" But when he heard about what we thought had happened to the men we put ashore, he grew gloomy. The tanks had been headed for that beach and should have helped knock out the pillboxes. It hadn't been the tankmen's fault that the waves had swamped them, but the sergeant said disconsolately, "If we hadn't got bitched up, maybe those other guys wouldn't have been killed." He had a soldier's heart.

—A. J. Liebling

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

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WHICH PAGE OF THE PITTSTON, PA., "GAZETTE" D'YA READ?

This Is Pittston

A city set in the midst of the beautiful Blue Ridge, Allegheny and Pocono mountains, and the rich and fertile valleys of the Susquehanna, Lackawanna and Lehigh Rivers. The Green mountains of New England—the rolling beauty of the Berkshires and the Catskills—the grim grandeur of Maine's granite peaks—the breathtaking majesty of the Rockies and the High Sierras; not one or all can give to the nature lover anything more restful and beautiful than the Laurels and Rhododendrons of the Poconos: Than the stimulating beauty of the tumbling mountain streams and the verdure clad slopes of the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny mountains. All these within a radius of twenty-five miles.—*Pittston Gazette, April 22, page 1.*

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—Political adv. in the Pittston Gazette, same day, page 3.

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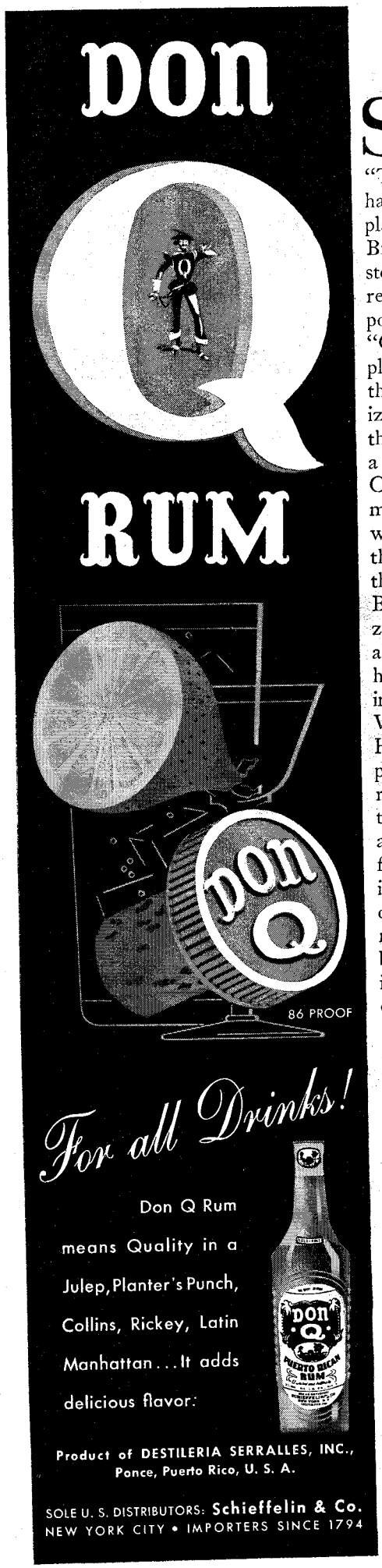

THE CURRENT CINEMA

And a Current Book

SYMBOLISM is knocked a little askew when it bumps into the Hollywood star system, as in "The Hairy Ape." In this picture we have William Bendix, who has hitherto played various lovable characters from Brooklyn, and when we find him in the stokehold of a merchant ship, representing sheer, stark brute power, we are inclined to say, "Quit your kidding." His employers seem to have realized this, because they have humanized the rôle in places and made the stoker something more of a regular fellow than Eugene O'Neill had in mind. As a matter of fact, they've pretty well had to anyway, since this ape of theirs comes out a lot better in the end than O'Neill's did. If they had made Bendix O'Neill's type of ape, a frenzied, self-destroying type, and then gone ahead and hung this happy ending on him, they would have been contradicting the master, and themselves to boot. What they've done is have Yank, or Hank, as the character is called in the picture, prove in the end to have the right philosophy. The National Maritime Union could conceivably be piqued at the message that seems to lurk in this film. "Go ahead and shovel that coal in," the message runs. "Make the other bums shovel it in, too. There's nothing like the speed-up system to bring the roses to your cheeks." Hank is unhappy for a while, but it all turns out to be the girl's fault.

The girl is played by Susan Hayward. As in the play, she is taking a sightseeing tour through the ship when she is repelled, in the stokehold, by the sight of Hank, perspiring freely and cutting a fairly gruesome figure. She calls him an ape, and a hairy one at that, and then leaves him to brood over this insult. The incident occurs, however, only after it has been much more carefully explained than it was in the play that the girl is a bad lot. She is shown failing to support the war effort, breaking a man's heart, and double-crossing her best friend. After a buildup like that, it's easy to point out that Hank should never have paid any attention to her in the first place.

In this unamiable and sometimes foolish part, Miss Hayward is nevertheless the brightest spot in the picture. In the scene in which Hank, ashore and riled, sneaks into her apartment prepared to dismember her, she shows you first terror and then guileful sex appeal more successfully than they are apt to be shown soon again. Her performance, combined with some effectively economical camera work and a story that is still out of the ordinary, even after all the changes, makes the movie better than its peculiar philosophical approach deserves.

THERE'S some strange philosophy, also, in "Once Upon a Time," with Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, William Demarest, a child actor named Ted Donaldson, and a butterfly. The last named is in its larva stage throughout most of the picture but remains in a box, emerging and becoming visible to the audience only after metamorphosis. The larva, or caterpillar, as it's popularly called, is a pet belonging to the little boy, and the picture concerns the events arising from the discovery that this pet caterpillar will stand up on its hind legs and dance whenever it hears the tune "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." Grant plays a hard-up theatrical producer who plans to make a pile by promoting this talent, Gleason plays his assistant, Demarest plays a doubting newspaperman, and Miss Blair plays the little boy's older sister. The picture, as you can see, is one of those gay, whimsical things, and it has several funny lines, if not much else. When a couple of lepidopterists point out that the caterpillar ought to be donated to science, everybody turns on them in indignation, whereas it seems to me they have a point.

"MARINE RAIDERS" is a fair sort of war film about Marines in the Pacific, with Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, and Ruth Hussey. It's undistinguished but competent, and the story is not too unreasonable or too obtrusive. Ryan and Miss Hussey, in the romantic leads, are nice and reserved. . . . "Bathing Beauty" is an extravaganza, with Red Skelton and Esther Williams and a couple of big bands. Miss Williams was a swimmer in private life, so she swims. Otherwise, it's about a man who enrolls in a girls' college and so on and so on. Phooey.

AT the risk of driving a certain number of readers into a trap, I'd like to recommend a new book called "The

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Hollywood Hallucination," by Parker Tyler. Mr. Tyler is an associate editor of the magazine *View* and apparently a moviegoer only on the side, but he has certainly gone in for some heavier thought than most moviegoers, amateur or pro. It's not unlikely that this book, if you get at all interested in it, will take you from now until the armistice to finish, because it is written in a rudderless sort of way which is often hard to follow. It's often too cute, too. However, the book contains conclusions about the movies that are not only sound but novel. It contains other conclusions that may be sound, but I can't vouch for them until I've done a little more decoding.

One of the more elementary and comprehensible points that Mr. Tyler makes is that the great mass of movies involving romance are built on the false moral basis of what he calls the "Single Instance." This means that the morality of a romancing couple is judged by whether they did or did not sleep together at a particular juncture in the plot when the circumstances were such that they could have. They may go on being in each other's company for the following six months, during which time their moral attitude toward each other could presumably change daily, but if it is established that, even by accident, they weren't bad on that one occasion, they're O.K. It usually is established, too, as Mr. Tyler points out. This is just one example he gives of the charade quality of pictures—the substitution of rudimentary, and often false, symbols for reality. He goes in for odd but effective comparisons. Right now, you may not see the connection between the characters of Sam Spade, in "The Maltese Falcon," and Citizen Kane, but you will. And when you come to the part about how Mae West is really impersonating a female impersonator, just figure on reading it three times or not at all. —DAVID LARDNER

•

Soon it was time to say good-by. I kissed my mother and got into the train. Leaning out of the window, I saw her standing on the platform with her poodle Jennifer standing beside her, smiling and waving. —*From "Balkan Correspondent," by Derek Patmore.*

Those poodles!

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Adv. in the Saturday Review of Literature*]

WOMEN who use long cigarette-holders appear dramatic and debonair, smooth and sophisticated. Box 830-H.

THE DEMANDS of war production have limited the supply of Aqua Velva. There is now less Aqua Velva to go around —to meet the growing demand from the armed services as well as civilians.

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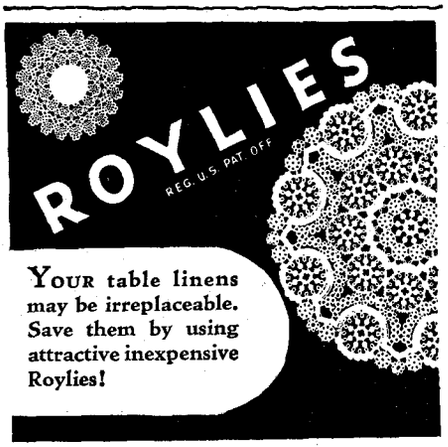

Your table linens may be irreplaceable. Save them by using attractive inexpensive Roylies!

THE PROPER SEATING OF THE POPPET

THE day the Americans took Cherbourg, Captain Martin Hadley sat at his typewriter at work on the concluding sentences of subsection *b*, paragraph 32, Section XIV of the revised training manual on the operation and use of the Cylinder, Connecting, M2A1.

He wrote, "The capillary bulbs of the temperature regulating valve enter the right-hand side of the apparatus and terminate in a supporting bracket mounted between the inlet side of two fans under the cylinder (see fig. 18). The gudgeons supporting the cylinder on the bearings are bolted to each transmitter."

He liked that last sentence. "Gudgeons" was nearly as good as the word he had run into last week—"poppet." He could even remember the sentence: "If overheating occurs, the trouble is probably due to sediment lodged on the seats of the valves, preventing proper seating of the poppet."

Captain Hadley was twenty-nine and had been a high-school English teacher in upstate New York before the war. Although he didn't know much about mechanics, he did know something about writing, and he supposed that was why the Army had him writing manuals. He couldn't think of any other reason.

He looked up at the wall clock and saw it was a quarter to five. He was in a narrow office that had been a hospital ward before the new post hospital was built. The long room was lighted by fluorescent lights; there were training posters on the walls, and a fire extinguisher hung beneath a red-lighted alarm box. Over the drinking fountain a printed sign urged everyone to buy bonds: "If you can't go across —come across." Two rows of desks went along the walls, where the beds had been.

Captain Hadley removed the page from his typewriter and added it to the others on his desk. Across from him, Lieutenant Carlisle was making pencil dots on a pad as he talked to Captain Magnussen, who was sitting on the edge of the desk. Farther down, Lieutenant Loeffler's dark face was bent thoughtfully over a yellow-bound Board report and, on Hadley's own side of the room, Major Tate, a large, placid man, rocked gently as he read something held in his lap. The civilian employees and enlisted personnel had already left. Their day ended at four.

Captain Magnussen went to the drinking fountain, dipped his head to intercept the arching water, then moved down the room to his own desk. Lieutenant Carlisle said to Hadley, "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Hadley looked at the clock again. "I hate to leave my shims and turnbuckles," he said, "my gudgeons and poppets."

"They'll be here tomorrow," Carlisle said, putting on his overseas cap.

As at a signal, the other officers began preparations to leave.

HADLEY and Carlisle went out into the corridor and along it past the library and conference room, where a large map of France was hanging, with tiny American flags stuck all over the Cherbourg peninsula by an enthusiastic W.A.C. sergeant. In the outer office the reception desk was empty and they went by it and through the photography department, past the closed doors of the darkrooms, each with its sign, "Knock and Wait." Someone had written "Sgt." and "Cpl." above the first and last words of one of the signs.

Outside, the sun was still bright, and across the gravelled road a well-kept meadow made a light-green contrast to the darker color of the bordering woods. The two men got into Hadley's car and he pulled out into the road, edging over to give room to a passing weapons carrier.

He drove out the curved driveway of post headquarters and onto the paved road leading to the plants area of the arsenal. At a railroad siding, Lieutenant McComas, who worked in the supply depot and lived near Hadley, was waiting. He was carrying a large paper sack of goods from the commissary, and Hadley suddenly remembered that he had been supposed to pick up some cold cuts for Virginia. The Caldwells were coming over for bridge that evening and she had thought they'd all like sandwiches about eleven o'clock.

The three officers showed their passes at the Magnolia gate and then

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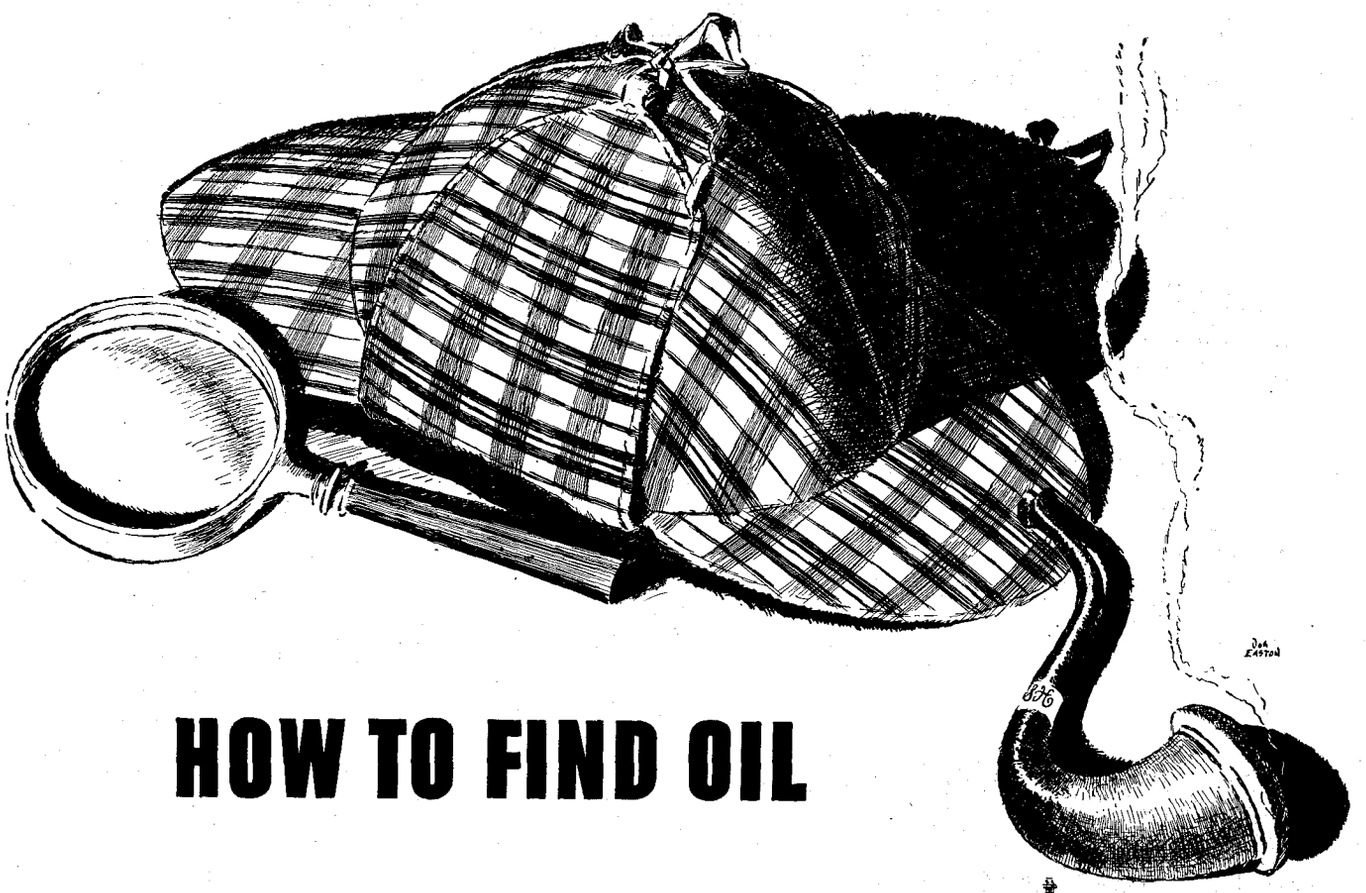
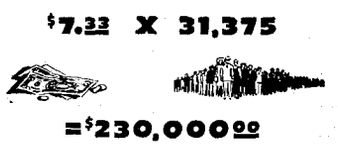


HOW TO FIND OIL

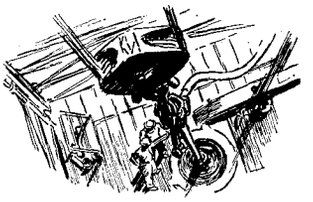
1 First you lay out a territory, say 100 by 150 miles, that your geologist thinks is promising. Then you send in a gravity meter crew at $5,000 a month for at least 6 months. By measuring the "pull" of subsurface rocks they locate the likely areas.

2 Then you send in a seismograph crew to plot these subsurface areas *in detail.* This will cost you $10,000 a month for anywhere from 1 to 12 months. Then you may spend another $15,000 to $40,000 on core hole drilling before you'll be ready to drill. A wildcat well can cost from $15,000 to $250,000.

3 But let's say this one cost $40,000. You have now spent, all told, between $95,000 and $230,000. *Yet your chances of getting oil—according to statistics—will be only 1 in 12.* Obviously, very few *individual* Americans can risk that kind of money at those odds.



4 Yet new oil fields have to be found—constantly. How do we do it? By pooling the money *of a lot of people.* Union Oil Company, for example, is owned not by one, but by 31,375 individual Americans. $230,000, divided among that many, amounts to an average of only $7.33 per stockholder-owner.



5 Consequently, we have enough capital to keep going until we find oil. Of course, the money to finance this—and other big jobs in heavy industry—could be procured by government ownership. But we Americans do it under legal agreements known as *corporations.*

6 For that way, we can preserve the freedom of the individual, the efficiency of a free economy and that all-important human incentive—*competition.* Our method isn't perfect yet, but it has brought us further than any *system* the world has ever known.

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Now you can cleanse, soften, beautify and *preserve* your leathers without effort. Neatsope, the new liquid saddle soap, works quickly, easily, almost magically—on *all* colors, *all* finishes except suede. Does not interfere with the use of regular polishes. Penetrates deeply. Leaves no grease or odor. Try it today on shoes, luggage, golf bags! Available in 25c and $1.00 sizes.

NEATSOPE

On Sale at department, drug, hardware, luggage and dime stores.
North American Dye Corp., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

hummed along toward the highway to the city. Hadley switched on the radio and got the tail end of a commercial.

"Find some music," said Carlisle, from the rear seat.

"The news will be on in a minute," Hadley answered.

McComas pushed in the dashboard lighter and offered his pack of cigarettes to Hadley. He said, "We won't find out what's really going on for a couple of weeks."

There was another commercial on now, and then came the news broadcast, obscure, confused, but hearteningly delivered. They listened as the car topped a hill and they saw the road rise and dip and rise before them, running through the woods and neat fields of Maryland. Hadley found it impossible to imagine the smoke-hung French city, or to feel the shock of any other life than this one.

He said, "I'm thinking of putting in for that civil-administration course for the Far East."

"What do you want to do that for?" asked Carlisle. "You'll be stuck in some Pacific paradise years after the war's over."

"Well, it will get me out of here," said Hadley.

"Oh, dissatisfied, eh?" said Carlisle. "We can't have dissatisfied help, you know."

McComas said, "Getting tired of fighting the Battle of the Arsenal?"

Hadley didn't answer. He didn't know, really. He had a feeling of inadequacy.

"What the hell," said Carlisle. "You can't do anything about it, anyway. Look at Loeffler. He's been trying to get transferred to a weapons battalion for months. If they're going to send you across, they'll send you. If they aren't, you just have to sweat it out here."

"My brother's in Italy," said McComas. "He wrote me to hang on to any assignment I can get in this country." Then he added, "I guess what I'm doing is essential, though. We route our stuff directly overseas from the depot." He thought for a moment and then shrugged. "But what the hell, a civilian could do what I'm doing—or a bright Wac."

They moved in through the smoking industrial plants on the city's outskirts and Hadley dropped the two officers at their corner. A block from home he stopped at a delicatessen to get the cold cuts. A plump, dark-skinned woman with a faint mustache waited on him. He ordered salami, liver sausage, sliced boiled ham, bologna, and potato salad.

The woman said, "I'll bet you're thanking God you're in this country today, instead of overseas."

"What?" he said.

"Or maybe you aren't," she went on. "Some want to go and some don't, I guess."

He answered, as Carlisle had, "You go when they send you."

She had put down a row of figures on a paper bag and now counted the number of parcels and checked them against the number of items. "A dollar eighty-five," she said.

HADLEY paid the woman and went out to the street, carrying his package. He thought of his wife and two children, and of the bridge game with the Caldwells tonight, and of the manual on the Cylinder, Connecting, M2A1. He supposed it all added up to something, that it had a relation to what was going on over in Normandy. He supposed that maybe the war couldn't be won without the double-talk manuals he was writing, that shims and gudgeons and poppets had a place in the holocaust.

Tossing the package into the front seat of the car, he walked around the hood to enter from the street side. A streetcar was coming, so he stood against the door a moment to let it pass. As he did, his eyes met, briefly, the eyes of a civilian standing at the corner, a thin man wearing a polo shirt and slacks.

He saw in the man's gaze, as it encompassed his uniform, the reflection of his own frustration and confusion and bitter envy.

Hadley got behind the wheel of his car and turned on the ignition. "The poor bastard," he thought, as he drove off. —ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

•

Clemson College, S. C., is sending out an S. O. S. for 200 names beginning with the letter "Q."

In 1926 Professor J. P. LeMaster inaugurated a system of alphabetical naming of the cows in the college herd. Natural progression through the alphabet has got the college in its present quandary. Two hundred calves are born at Clemson each year. —*Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.*

Well, they might name one Quandary.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Chicago convention was embarrassed by manpower shortages of many kinds. The worst scarcity of all was in Dewey-stoppers.

•

A group of Republican governors at the convention demanded a foreign policy plank "that means what it says." The Resolutions Committee gave them one so broad-minded that it means what everybody says.

•

The plans of the G.O.P. leaders were evidently upset by Governor Warren's refusing to accept the nomination for Vice-President. They soon got together, however, and made a new deal, to use a repulsive term.

•

As this is written, the German Army is retreating rapidly in the direction of Minsk. Hitler seems to be putting on a good performance of Napoleon in modern dress.

•

Almost every day now some defense lawyer in the sedition trial in Washington is fined for contempt of court. Before this case is much older, it may be able to support itself.

•

Frank Costello, who deals in slot machines, left $27,200 in a taxicab and the Bureau of Internal Revenue promptly gobbled it up. You have to hand it to the man for thinking up a new way of paying his income tax.

•

A captured Fascist official declares that Mussolini had a film made of the execution of Count Ciano. Like so many of us, the ex-Duce seems to enjoy family movies.

•

The New York Telephone Company is trying to gather up thousands of surplus phones from business establishments, so that it may give them to people who have applied for service. The company claims that over 132,000 householders are taking no part in the general conversation.

•

Pierre Laval has won a well-deserved tribute from his countrymen. The French patriots have voted him the most likely to lose his head.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Bausch & Lomb 7X, 50mm Binocular

Such an increase in light transmission now means an image 50% brighter. It also means reduced internal reflections and consequent *flare*—contrast sharpened. And this can mean, in many cases, to the observer with binocular glued to his eyes, the difference between a blank wall and a clearly defined silhouette of an enemy vessel or plane.

This special Bausch & Lomb process of glass coating is permanent—cannot be injured by any attack that would not injure a similar uncoated surface. Bausch & Lomb was first in the world, more than four years ago, to make commercial use of this optical development. Every binocular produced by Bausch & Lomb—as well as the optical systems of many other B&L military instruments—has this coated surface treatment.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

DESPITE the government's recent largesse, it is probable that many people will still be drinking rum this summer—from habit, if nothing else. Whether you are planning to be one of them or to drink no alcohol at all, you will do well to take note of a new mixer which gives the breath of life to a zombie and turns an ordinary seltzer limeade into an unusual drink. Ching No. 1 Boy Zombie All Purpose Mixer is the unforgettable brand name of as fine a blend of fruit juices and other ingredients as I have run into in some time. The Ching formula for a zombie calls for three kinds of rum, three dashes of Pernod, bitters, and lime juice added to the mixer, but I find that the addition of nothing more complicated than Jamaica rum and lime juice makes such a thoroughly satisfactory thirst quencher that I have never got around to assembling the prescribed ingredients. A little of the mixer does wonders, too, for a white-wine cup. It gives a fine fragrance and tastes so much more like peaches and apricots than Manhattan peaches and apricots taste like themselves that, except for the looks of the thing, you really don't have to bother to round up the fruits which are usually considered necessary for a cup. This excellent mixer is to be had at Altman's Delicacy Department, at Gimbel, at Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), and at the Bristol Market, 1110 Park Avenue (90th).

I know it's of no importance, but I have given up hope of getting from any merchant a fair answer to what I think are fair complaints about the quality of rice one often meets up with nowadays. I can't believe that the manpower shortage (which shopkeepers give as an excuse for everything from the sourness of strawberries to the price of okra) really accounts for the sorry little nubbins of grain which are frequently sold as rice. If it does, I apologize. Whatever the difficulties of wartime rice production may be, Ehlers, a well-established firm of Brooklyn packers, has put on the market a new rice that is remarkably fine, and it would be remarkable even in normal times. The new cereal is an exceedingly long grain and, although it is a light brownish color, it cooks snow-white and is not to be confused with brown rice. The packers' claim that, owing to a special new treatment of the unmilled grain, the cereal is permeated with B-complex vitamins may be as true as Gospel, but it is not for its therapeutic value that I speak highly of it. Without a vitamin to its name, this lovely long grain could still be recommended as an accompaniment for any dish that is improved by a fluffy, dry rice. For puddings and pancakes, it's not so satisfactory (too dry and hard), but served with crabmeat cooked with butter and lime juice, or with a gumbo, or a curry, it is just about perfection. It's to be had at the Peter Reeves chain stores and, oddly, at Plumbridge, 21 East Sixty-fifth Street, and probably at plenty of other places.

I AM surprised and just a little bit shocked to hear myself heartily recommending an ice-cream powder. I would as soon expect to find myself speaking well of the old prewar English custard powders as taking seriously ice cream that began life in a packet. There is a new Kraft product, however, which is something very special and, while it does not make the sort of ice cream you can still have if you are neighbor to a Jersey cow, it does produce a cream that is as good as that of most confectioners. The powder comes only vanilla-flavored, but it works very well with the addition of chocolate or coffee. I like the chocolate version with crème de menthe poured over it just before serving, and the coffee is good with a little rum beaten into it at the last moment. The vanilla, I think, is improved by the addition of a teaspoonful of good vanilla extract, such as Burnett's. Except for these slight variations, though, it is advisable to stick close to the printed directions and, above all, don't think to make things better by using milk or cream instead of the cold water directed. Dreadful things will happen if you do. Dreadful.

WITH the success of Casserole Kitchen, the establishment which sends out home-cooked meals to the neighborhood around East Sixty-eighth Street, it became inevitable that other such businesses should appear about town. One that has recently sprung up is called the Dinner Basket, at 133 East Fifty-sixth Street, and a very appetizing little place it is. The young woman who

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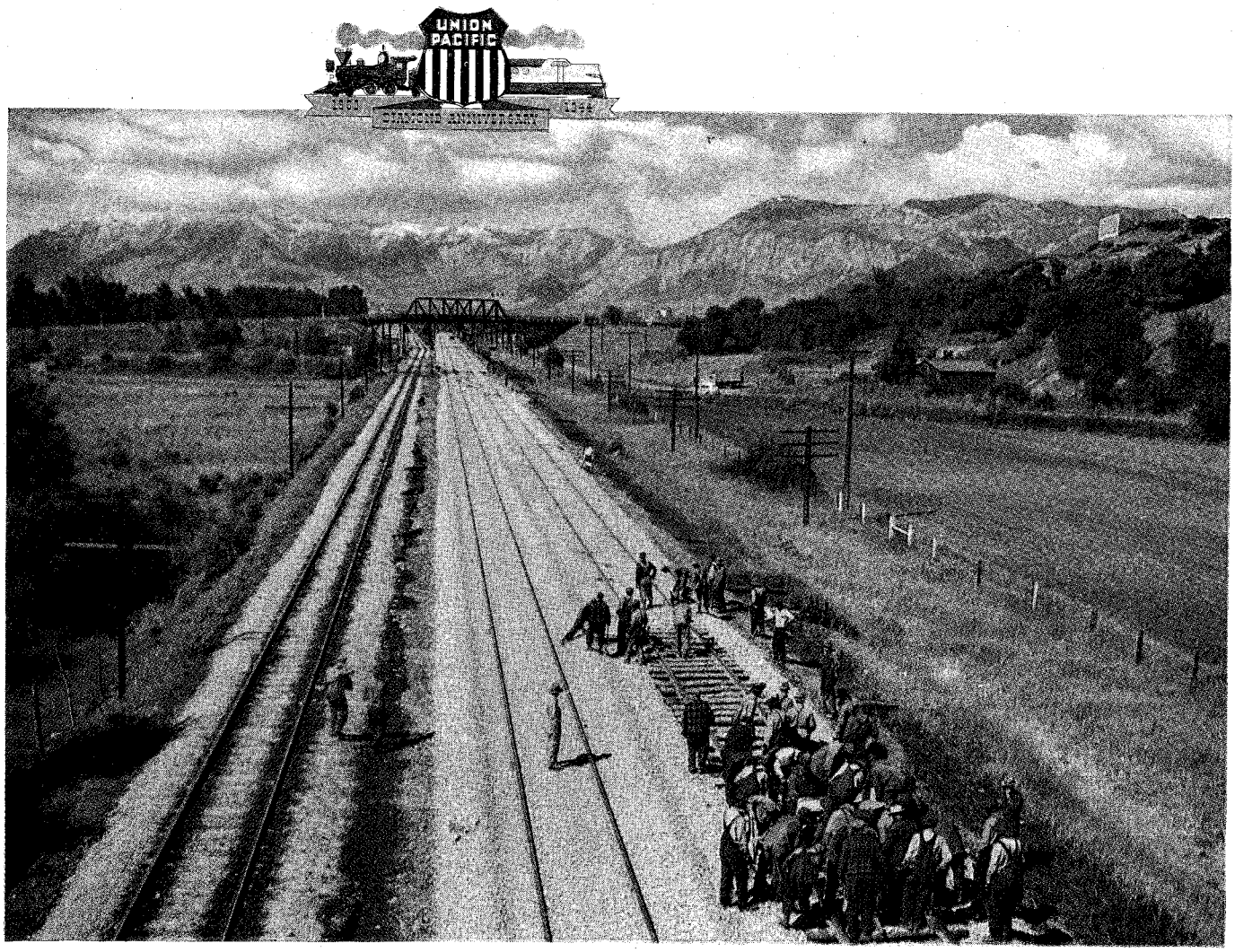


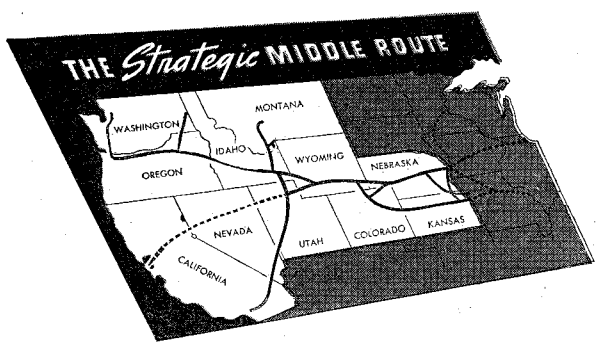
Ties that Bind Two Oceans

● Many thousands of railroad ties, tons of rails and other equipment—and hundreds of trained workmen—are required to maintain a transcontinental railroad. This maintenance job goes on continuously . . . keeps pace with the constant parade of freight trains loaded with war materials.

Union Pacific is the Strategic Middle Route because of its strategic transportation importance to the nation in peace and war. It is a "line of supply" uniting the East with the Pacific Coast. It binds the two oceans—provides a steel highway over which vital supplies are shipped east and west to seaports and to home-front markets.

There are other ties, too, that unite the nation; the ties of courage, faith, determination and initiative. To keep those ties intact . . . to win the war and keep alive the spirit of personal independence and enterprise is the job of every American.

★ *Smooth the road to Victory with more war bonds—and save them.*



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

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runs the business is also the cook, and although I have sampled only the contents of one dinner basket, I believe I am safe in saying that she is an exceptionally good cook. Menus change every day and include one main dish, sent out in a covered casserole for reheating, a starchy vegetable in a separate container, a non-starchy vegetable, crisp salad greens tied up in a square of cheesecloth (or another kind of salad), a small jar of French dressing, bread, and a simple dessert. All this for $1.65, delivered within a radius of ten blocks, or, with bus fare added, to more remote neighborhoods. The chicken cooked in Burgundy, which is the dish I tried, proved to be a subtly flavored stew, and delicious, rather to my surprise, as I mistrust the combination of fowl and red wine. The Basket also does a pot roast marinated in wine, and I have heard its chicken fricassee with meat balls well spoken of. To guard against disappointment, you'd better telephone your order before one o'clock, because the management is inclined to count noses in ordering the day's provisions.

BAGATELLE, which is the name of a small shop at 8 West Fifty-sixth Street where the Franco-American Committee for Relief of War Victims sells a variety of home-made novelties, has, as a sideline, some good and quite unusual sweets the shop calls caramels. These don't bear any resemblance to American caramels, or to any other French ones that I have ever eaten. They're like French *truffes*, but not quite that, either, being much softer than *truffes*. . . . For more varied candies, there is the new shop of Eugenia Tay, at 50 East Fifty-eighth Street. From very modest beginnings in the Gramercy section, this talented confectioner has worked up to a pretty, well-appointed place that is a considerably more appropriate setting for her fine chocolates. There is also a Eugenia Tay shop at 305 East Seventy-second Street.

—S. H.

•

Now this girl and I have been living together and I have found out from her own statements that she has been unfaithful to me and has gone with other men for stable that lost his bone when he fable that lost his bone when he saw his own reflection on the water as he crossed the bridge.

I don't know what to do. Please advise me. — *Tuscaloosa (Ala.) News.*

First thing to do is get yourself under control.

WHEN YOU'RE SUDDENLY CALLED OUT OF TOWN and you still have to clean up a deskful of work and you relax behind your electronic "mike" and dictate memos, notes and instructions . . . while your secretary protects you from interruptions . . . and you record both ends of your important telephone calls and confirm your last minute verbal instructions right on the spot and you clear your desk with time to spare and swing off for the train knowing that everything is covered and your staff will follow through . . . Man Alive, Mr. General Manager,

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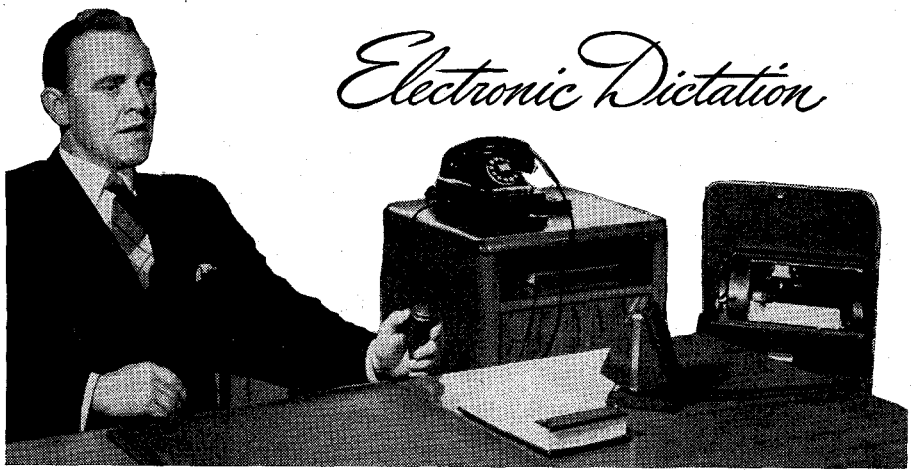

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BOOKS

Children's Books for the Dog Days

ADULTS who are aware of trends in their own reading may detect some of the same ones in the books the publishers offer for children this year. There is the same emphasis on war themes, the same desperate timeliness, the same paucity of humor, and the same preoccupation with the past, particularly the American past. Clearly the trend in juvenile biography is all toward that fictional treatment of fact on which Edmund Wilson commented in these pages in his review of a recent popular biography. Children's authors have abandoned the life story in favor of the "story life." And you certainly meet some surprising people, my favorite of the moment being an Army surgeon of the eighteen-twenties who spent most of his life looking into a man's unhealed stomach to see how the juices worked. (That one is for the twelve- or thirteen-year-old child, it would appear.)

So far this year, I have not encountered any books on how a child should think about war and peace, but by autumn there will probably be some.

Stories about the past, the child's historical novel, happen to be among the better groups of new books. For young readers they are not escapist literature, and they serve a useful purpose, since a good story can often bring the past to life in the childish imagination better than a half dozen textbooks. Nowadays these stories are carefully documented and full of period detail. They are, in fact, often so full of period detail that the book seems about to break apart. Stop any well-read child on the street this summer and ask him how his ancestors tested their home-made soap. He will tell you that they dropped an egg in the pot of boiling ash and water, and if only as much of the eggshell showed as could be covered by a ninepence, the mixture was just right and needed no more lye. How does the child know this quaint and curious fact? He could scarcely have missed it. It's in *two* books this year.

Stories based on the present war are numerous but disappointing. Those for young children tend to preach; those for older readers are not much more than trashy adventure stories with a war setting. Most children over twelve will prefer the factual accounts from the various fronts.

Though there are fewer first-rate books to choose from than in some seasons, many good ones, for reasons of space, have had to be omitted from the list which follows. A few 1943 books received too late for our Christmas review have been included, as well as one or two books which have perhaps more news value than intrinsic merit. Except for the picture books, the titles have been grouped by subject rather than by age, but within each classification, the books start with those for younger children and progress to those for older readers.

Picture-and-Story Books

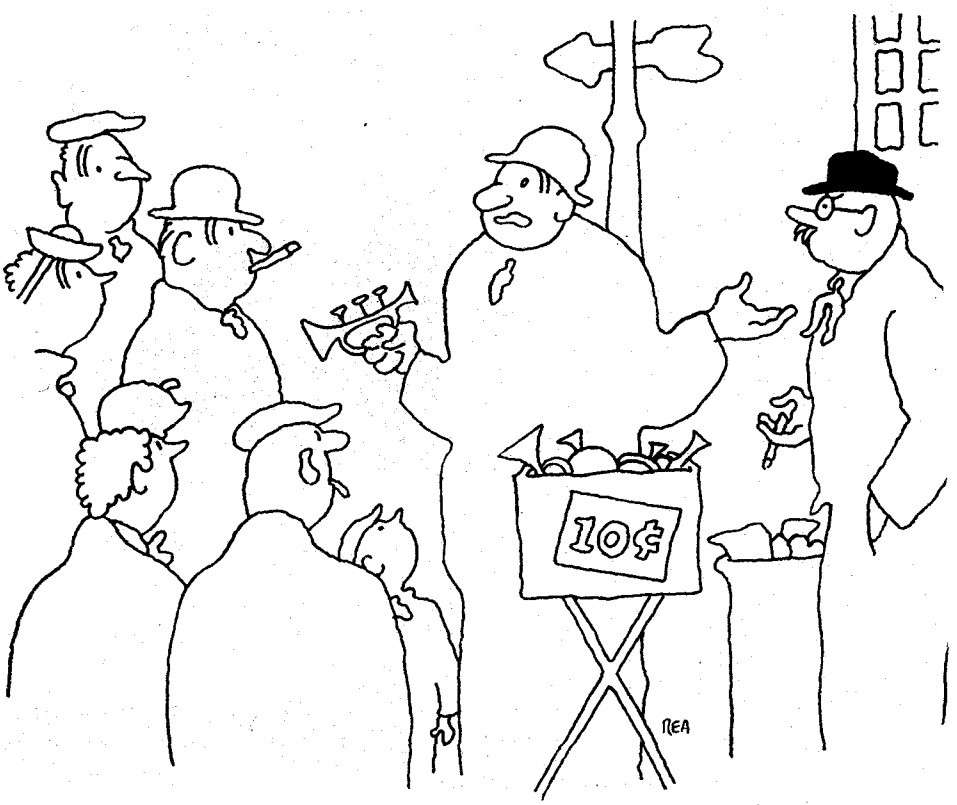
THE TALL BOOK OF NURSERY TALES, pictures by Feodor Rojankovsky (Harper). A companion volume to the popular "The Tall Book of Mother Goose." The selection of twenty-four familiar tales (like "The Three Bears" and "Little Red Ridinghood") is good and the text satisfactory, even though a few annoying changes in the traditional wordings have been made. Rojankovsky's gay pictures, in sepia and bright color, are in just the right spirit, and children like the book's odd shape, with its tall and narrow pages.

NOAH'S ARK, text by Jane Werner, illustrations by Tibor Gergely (Grosset & Dunlap). Gergely's pictures of the Flood are first-rate: full of amusing detail and effective in color and composition. Though the text is good enough, it is perhaps a pity that the author attempts to simplify and improve upon the Bible language, since the story of Noah and his family is one even quite young children have always enjoyed in the words of the King James version.

KATY AND THE BIG SNOW, written and illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton (Houghton Mifflin). Another unusual picture book by this author artist, who is adept at personifying machines. Her new heroine is a beautiful red crawler tractor of many talents, and the story tells how Katy dug the city of Geoppolis out of a blizzard. Spirited, imaginative, and even somewhat informative about how city highway departments work.

SUSAN WHO LIVES IN AUSTRALIA, written and illustrated by Elisabeth MacIntyre (Scribner). The author of "Ambrose Kangaroo" here tells a simple story (in rhyme and in many funny water-color pictures) about a little Australian farm girl. The book makes life on an Australian "station," with its sheep shearing, mustering, and boundary riding, and its visits to the big city of Sydney, all very vivid.

THE GOLDEN ALMANAC, by Dorothy A. Bennett, illustrated by Masha (Simon & Schuster). An almanac for children which, like all good almanacs, is an entertaining hodgepodge of seasonal information, with, in this case, an interesting selection of reprinted poetry, prose, and song thrown in for good measure. So many things happen on each of the big pages that children can find amusement here for the twelve months of the



"This gentleman requests the Bach 'Chaconne,' but I'm sure the majority of you would prefer to hear 'Comin' Through the Rye.'"

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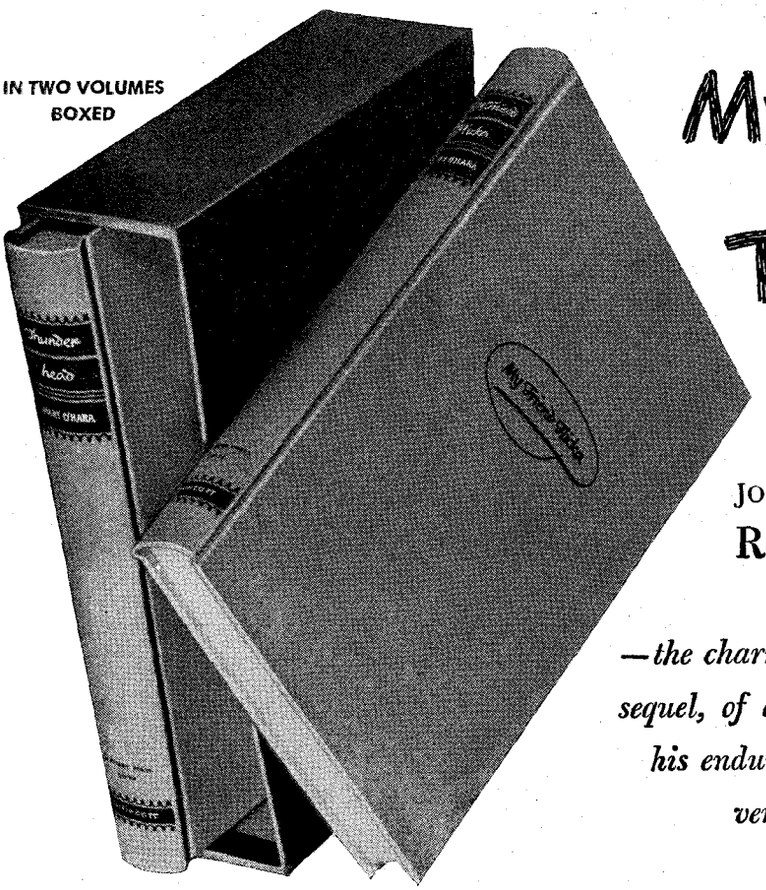

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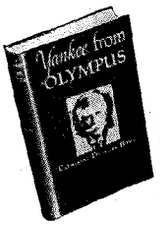

YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

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Three generations of the family of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Supreme Court Justice, great liberal son of a great father.

FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE

BY H. E. BATES

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BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

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BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

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This magnificent new historical novel, destined to take its place beside The Robe and The Song of Bernadette, brings to life the fascinating beggar-saint Francis of Assisi, and the strangely "modern" upheavals of his time.

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BY LUDWIG BEMELMANS

and

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BY CHARLES L. McNICHOLS

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SMITHFIELD HAMS
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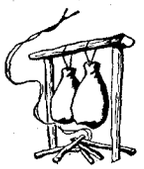

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These choice "native" porkers of Virginia are peanut-fed to attain an unusual natural deliciousness. They're slowly smoked over hickory, apple, and oak woods . . . they're aged for a year. Tender, tasty, smoked till smacking good!

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year. Profusely and prettily illustrated in color.

A RING AND A RIDDLE, by M. Ilin and E. Segal, translated by Beatrice Kinkead, illustrated by Vera Bock (Lippincott). Ilin is Soviet Russia's leading writer for children. He and his wife here tell a conventional fairy story—in which a youngest son goes out to seek his fortune and is helped by a fairy princess, who gives him a magic ring, a talking horn, seven-league boots, and other magic gifts—and then explain these gifts in terms of modern science. The ring is the compass, the horn the radio, the boots the railroads, and so on. This reader's guess is that American children will find it pretty dreary fare but that many parents and teachers will urge it upon them. The stylized illustrations are done in the Russian manner.

FANCIFUL TALES

CLARINDA, by Frances Duncombe, illustrated by Angela (Holt). A certain type of child may take to this airy tale of a little girl who, when she felt rebellious, had a habit of popping down the bathtub drain into a world of talking ducks, turtles, and foxes. Its chapters read rather like a story concocted one night at bedtime by a hard-pressed mother and thereafter, under duress, continued from episode to episode.

MARY POPPINS OPENS THE DOOR, by P. L. Travers, illustrated by Mary Shepard and Agnes Sims (Reynal & Hitchcock). Mary Poppins has become an international figure since she first appeared upon the scene in 1934. The return of the unpredictable British nursemaid, who this time arrives on a Guy Fawkes Day rocket, is real news for children with a taste for this sort of thing, and the fantastic adventures that Mary brings upon the Banks family are almost as entertaining as those in the first two volumes.

THE MAGIC BED-KNOB, OR HOW TO BE A WITCH IN TEN EASY LESSONS, by Mary Norton, illustrated by Waldo Peirce (Hyperion Press). Somewhat in the Mary Poppins tradition of wry, British, whimsical humor, but a wonderful tale in its own right, is this story of the eccentric Miss Price, who is learning how to be a witch. She sprains her ankle by falling off her broomstick in one of her early flights and thus meets the three children whom she later whisks about the world on their bed. The Waldo Peirce illustrations in water color and pen-and-ink are fine and free, but it was a mistake to play them up at the expense of the text, which is printed in small type, two columns to a page. The story is what matters here and is for eight- to eleven-year-olds, not for the picture-book age.

CHIN-PAO AND THE GIANT PANDAS, written and illustrated by Chiang Yee (Transatlantic Arts). An odd and imaginative tale of a Chinese boy, lost in the mountains, who is befriended by a family of giant pandas and learns their ways and speech before they are captured by white hunters. Chin-Pao's conversations with the pandas, particularly on the subject of Confucius (the chief topic on which they disagree), have a quaint charm. Although the English is not always idiomatic, the writing is fresh and good, and the color plates in the manner of old Chinese prints are wholly lovely.

STORIES OF TODAY

KITTY COME DOWN, by Frances Bacon, illustrated by Eloise Wilkin (Oxford University Press). A brief and appealing story about a kitten who was chased up a tree by a dog and wouldn't come down, thus bringing sorrow to a family of six. Happy ending: the S.P.C.A. man said the third night would bring the cat down; he was right. Many good pen-and-ink illustrations are one of the pleasures of this unpretentious book for first readers.

TRUDY AND THE TREE HOUSE, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Marguerite Davis (Macmillan). Another of Miss Coatsworth's polite, agreeable stories about well-bred children. In this one, the background of a summer home on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie is nicely sketched in and the family of seven girls, of whom Trudy is the youngest, naughtiest, and most affectionately spoiled, is an interesting one. Other little girls of eight to eleven will like to read about Trudy's pet squirrel, her wonderful playhouse in a tree, and her trips to church in a war canoe.

THE SHOO-FLY PIE, by Mildred Jordan, illustrated by Henry C. Pitz (Knopf). A cheerful book about a Pennsylvania Dutch family and their life on a Bucks County farm. Eight-year-old Debby Weissfinger's only misery is that she is forever being told she is too young for this or that; the narrative is about how she improves this situation. Pennsylvania Dutch speech, customs, and superstitions are well woven into a warm-hearted story and Henry Pitz's illustrations help in creating a particularly pleasing book for readers of the intermediate grades.

DISAPPEARING ISLAND, by Elisabeth Kyle, illustrated by Marjorie Quennell (Houghton Mifflin). A well-written story about one of those red-letter summer holidays which British children always seem to be having in juvenile fiction. The setting is the coast of Scotland and the wild islands offshore, the cast is an interesting one of British and Scottish "characters," and the plot grows out of the exciting adventures of a brother and sister from London who camp on the islands and solve the mystery of a disappearing island and its weird inhabitants.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR, by John R. Tunis (Harcourt, Brace). The last generation of boys had its Ralph Henry Barbour to turn out a sports story a season and the present one has its John Tunis. This latest book takes the familiar Dodger team of Mr. Tunis's invention from fourth place to the World Series and recounts the young manager's trials with his newest rookie star and his double-crossing club secretary. Fast reading for baseball fans young enough to accept "Shoot!" as the standard Dodger expletive.

WAR STORIES

BIG BOY, by W. W. Robinson, illustrated by Irene Robinson (Macmillan), and

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REX OF THE COAST PATROL, written and illustrated by Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson (Harcourt, Brace). Two straightforward stories of dogs at war, both of them written without sentimentality, the curse which has afflicted most of the books on this theme. The first is the more factual of the two, being a description of a shepherd dog's training, war service, and heroism, and the second the more dramatic in plot and the more interesting in its interpretation of canine psychology. Mrs. Robinson's expert and vigorous illustrations for "Big Boy" deserve special mention. Both books will appeal to children under twelve.

YOUNG MAN OF THE HOUSE, by Mabel Leigh Hunt, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Lippincott). A sincere and timely story about ten-year-old Eben, who does his utmost to be the man of the house when his father goes off to war. Eben is no saint and he and his family will seem real to other children. The book has considerable feeling and a certain amount of humor.

SOME FOLLOW THE SEA, by Gregor Felsen, with a supplement of Merchant Marine photographs (Dutton). Plenty of grim wartime adventures are packed into this story of a seventeen-year-old American mess boy who makes the voyage to Murmansk on a freighter. The author is realistic enough to have his hero go through a bad attack of nerves and fear after his first torpedoing and gives the neglected Merchant Marine its due on the scores of courage and hardship, but most boys over thirteen will prefer to read their war stories straight, in factual accounts like "The Raft." This will do for slightly younger readers.

STORIES OF EARLIER DAYS

YANKEE SAILS TO CHINA, written and illustrated by Lois Maloy (Scribner). A pleasant, well-illustrated story, on a somewhat familiar pattern, about two children who sailed to China and back on a clipper ship in 1849. The details of life aboard a sailing ship are made very interesting and will give eight- to ten-year-olds a sense of participation in a real voyage. There are drawings to show the Yankee's deck and sail plans, a chart of the hours tolled by the ship's bells, and even an elementary introduction to the principles of navigation.

WHEN THE NEW YEAR CAME IN MARCH, by Dorothea Stillman, illustrated by Neda Walker (Dutton). An unstereotyped picture of life in a Connecticut village in the middle of the seventeenth century, held together by a thread of story. The author has been almost too diligent in producing odd facts of the colonial period, but the book should prove good collateral reading for a first course in American history.

SILVER FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON, A STORY OF VALLEY FORGE, by Enid La Monte Meadowcroft, illustrated by Sandra James (Crowell). A readable book for eight- to ten-year-olds which tells of the cruel winter at Valley Forge and of three children who made friends with Washington's hungry soldiers and played their own part in helping them. The story furnishes plenty of action and

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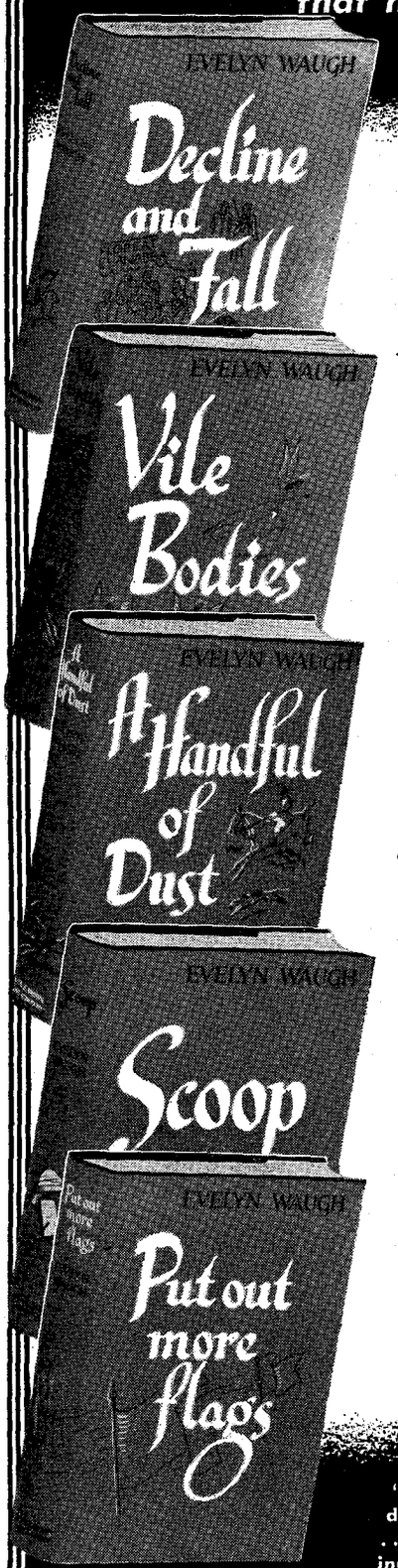

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The passages quoted above are excerpted from Edmund Wilson's article on the art of Evelyn Waugh—The New Yorker, March 4, 1944.

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excitement and some unusual historical detail. Well illustrated.

FAR FROM MARLBOROUGH STREET, by Elizabeth Philbrook, illustrated by Marjorie Torrey (Viking). A story of 1793, with an interesting plot and a ten-year-old heroine who makes the adventurous stagecoach journey from Boston to Springfield alone and on an important mission. It is reminiscent of Ethel Parton's "Newburyport Chronicles" in its lively treatment of the past. First-rate reading, especially for little girls.

WHEN ESTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL, by Eliza Orne White, illustrated by Connie Moran (Houghton Mifflin). Grandmothers who read Eliza Orne White's first book for children just fifty years ago will count their granddaughters singularly fortunate that Miss White, now eighty-seven, has been able to write this story version of her own childhood in the eighteen-sixties. It has, amazingly, the same sure characterization of children, the same reproduction of a little girl's keen observation of her elders, the same vigor and humor of the earlier books. The happenings, though they take place in the midst of the Civil War and include a gala trip to town to hear Dickens read, are chiefly the undramatic yet never-failingly interesting ones of a child's everyday life in a Massachusetts town.

TWO LOGS CROSSING: JOHN HASKELL'S STORY, by Walter D. Edmonds, illustrated by Tibor Gergely (Dodd, Mead). Boys of ten to thirteen will like to read about John Haskell, a backwoods boy who, by native perseverance and grit, pulled himself and his family up from shiftless poverty to independence. A crusty old judge and an Indian trapper are the other characters who illuminate this brief tale of the earlier America that Edmonds writes of so convincingly. Many fine illustrations in black crayon.

THE BOY JONES, by Patricia Gordon, illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Viking). A refreshing and original story about a London street urchin who, when Queen Victoria was a young bride, decided that Buckingham Palace must be the most interesting place in the world and determined to find out what went on there. Jones was a boy to accomplish what he set out to, and his method of doing it makes top-notch reading for any child over ten. The smells, sounds, and poverty of Cheapside are all within these well-written pages and so are the overstuffed parlors, the ladies in waiting, and the backstairs politics of the Palace.

STORM CANVAS, written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry (Winston). The rousing adventures of a boy aboard an American frigate in the War of 1812. The author writes his tale with a flourish, packs it with intrigues, duels, and battles at sea, and adds a touch of the unusual in describing the visit of the ship's captain to the strange court of King Christophe of Haiti.

HIGH PRAIRIE, by Walter and Marion Havighurst, illustrated by Gertrude Howe (Farrar & Rinehart). There have been so many books for children on the opening of the West, and such good ones (notably the Laura Ingalls Wilder series), that any new story on the pioneer theme seems at first like a work of supererogation. However, this one is worth noting for its sympathetic picture of our Norwegian settlers and its calm, affectionate story of one "Norskie" family which, in 1867, as the book opens, arrives in Minnesota with high hopes and no English words, and, as it closes, is settled on the rich soil of Dakota, yet is looking still farther West. A book for readers in their early teens.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—EXTINCT AND EXTANT

TWENTY LITTLE PETS FROM EVERYWHERE, by Raymond L. Ditmars, illustrated by Helene Carter (Messner). A big picture book whose text describes twenty strange small animals from all over the world and tells how they can be made into pets. If little Americans cannot own a sloth, a dormouse, or a kinkajou, they will at least want to set about acquiring a sewellel, a whistling hare, or a cacomistle, from our own West. The pictures in greens, tans, and grays are accurate and exquisite.

SO LONG AGO, written and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith (Houghton Mifflin). Modern schools being what they are, the prehistoric animals are already familiar figures to our seven- to ten-year-olds; this unusual picture-and-story book may even be able to turn them into lovable ones. A small boy is taken on a tour of all the ages of the world from its Paleozoic beginnings to the present, and is shown the antics of the queer creatures which now exist only as fossils. The scientific facts, while reasonably accurate, are enlivened, and to a harmless degree distorted, by the author's sly humor. Each of the delicately colored page pictures is faced by an outline drawing of the same scene in which monsters like the brontosaurs and the other evolving amphibians, reptiles, and mammals are labelled with their queer names, for easy recognition.

THE BIGGEST BEAR ON EARTH, by Harold McCracken, illustrated by Paul Bransom (Stokes). The largest carnivorous animal on earth today is the Alaska Brown Bear, and this is the story of how one of them grows up from cubhood to lordship over his valley on the shores of the Bering Sea. Apparently the author as good as did it with him, so his reports on the habits of the species are presumably accurate. His interpretation of the emotions of his particular bear hero are in the manner of Ernest Thompson Seton, but children will still find "The Biography of a Grizzly" the more poignant bear story of the two. Excellent illustrations.

THE TALE OF THE WHITE-FACED HORNET, text, drawings, and photographs by Henry B. Kane (Knopf). A small book on the life cycle of a queen hornet and the curious habits of her subject workers, which is scientific yet literary in its text and exceptionally good in its photographic illustrations.

TREKS ACROSS THE VELDT, by Theodore J. Waldeck, illustrated by Ivan T. Sanderson (Viking). If you want to know how it feels to have a lion charge you in the dark, or a band of gorillas burst upon you from the brush, or what you must do when a python has two deadly

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coils around one of your native hunters (especially if you want to save both the native *and* the python), this is your book. Waldeck writes so vividly that he takes his readers right along with him on this latest of his African safaris, which was made to bring animals home alive to zoo and laboratory. Not for the faint-hearted.

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND LEGEND

HANDEL AT THE COURT OF KINGS, by Opal Wheeler, illustrated by Mary Greenwalt (Dutton). The eighth in a series of elementary biographies of the composers, so satisfactory as to have become almost an institution in the world of juvenile books. Handel's music may appeal to children less than that of some of the other composers, but his boyhood in seventeenth-century Halle and his later years at the courts of his patrons in Germany and England will interest them. The bold black-and-white pictures and simple piano arrangements of the composer's music help make the book useful and attractive to quite young children.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, THE MARCH KING, by Mina Lewiton, illustrated by Howard Simon (Didier). As brisk as the music of a military band, and as emphatically patriotic, is this short life of the man whose name means a march tune to all of us. Sousa grew up in Washington when the soldiers of the Civil War were parading to fife and drum, was apprenticed to the Marine Band at the age of fourteen, and lived to serve in and compose the martial music for three wars. Howard Simon's illustrations in colored crayon give the book its chief distinction and period flavor. For eight- to twelve-year-old readers.

YANKEE THUNDER, THE LEGENDARY LIFE OF DAVY CROCKETT, by Irwin Shapiro, illustrated by James Daugherty (Messner). The Davy Crockett legend is a confused one in its compound of folklore and historical record, and Mr. Shapiro's attempt to whip it into humorous form, with numerous embellishments of his own, does not quite come off. (Perhaps Crockett will never make the grade for children as Paul Bunyan does.) The writing leans rather too heavily on hearty exaggeration and lacks that special dry wit needed for the retelling of tall stories. However, the book is well made and well illustrated, and until another comes along to do greater justice to this particular frontier saga, it is one to add to any juvenile library.

THEY PUT OUT TO SEA, THE STORY OF THE MAP, written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Knopf). Like van Loon, this author artist has a gift for conveying the big sweeps of history and geography in lively prose and striking picture. Here he approaches the story of discovery and the lives of the explorers from the point of view of the map makers. Starting with the fifth-century, B. C., map of Hecataeus of Miletus, the story unfolds as the small boats venture farther and the maps enlarge, until one of Magellan's ships sails round the world and a map approximating our own can be drawn. The many line

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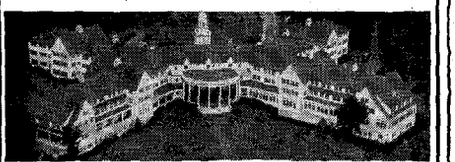

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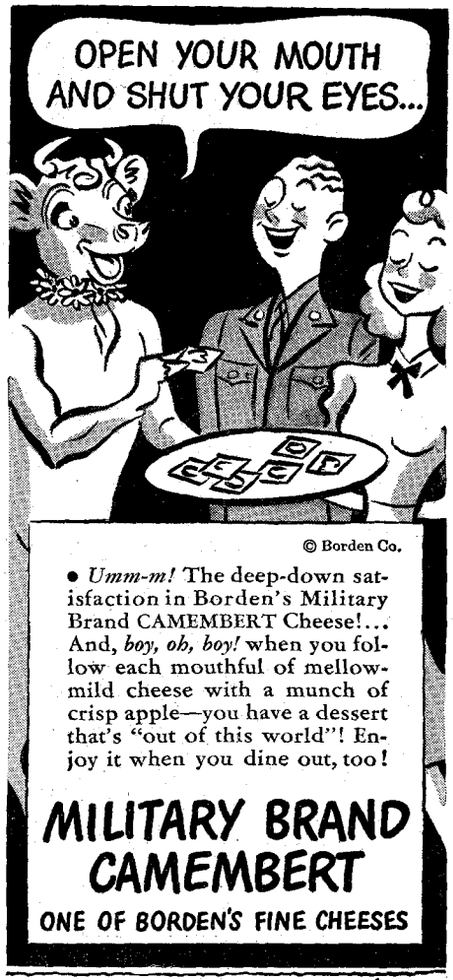
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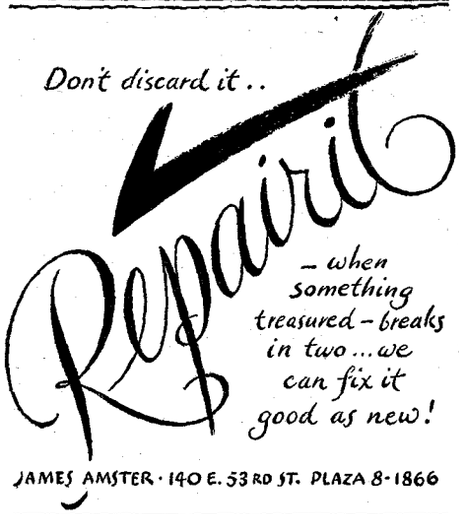
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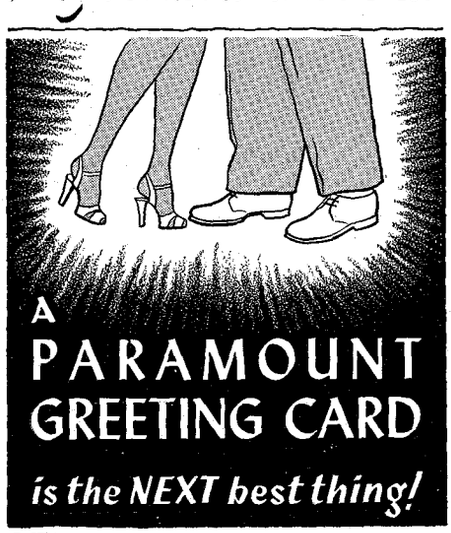

drawings seem almost an integral part of the text, and there are eight double pages brilliant in color. Good stuff for the junior-high-school age group.

THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR, THE STORY OF ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D., by Rachel Baker, illustrated by Corinne Malvern (Messner). The merits of this book derive chiefly from the little-known and quietly dramatic facts of Elizabeth Blackwell's life. When this daughter of a well-bred Quaker family made her first appearance as a student in the classroom of an obscure, upstate New York medical school, it was a startling event for 1847; she had struggled for years to get that far. Dr. Blackwell was never a feminist; she was a scientist who refused to be downed by her sex, and the story of her fight for medical education for women and of her pioneer work in public health is one to interest nearly all older girls.

ON WINGS OF SONG, THE STORY OF MENDELSSOHN, by Dena Humphreys, illustrated by Phyllis N. Coté (Holt). For once, in a biography written for high-school readers, the author has, to quote her own words, "made an honest effort not to imagine how things might have been but instead to find out how things really were." The result is a felicitous book on the composer whose short life was, more than most men's, "happy and blest." The writing is good enough to carry the reader into Mendelssohn's intense family life and into the pressures of his crowded career, and to convey a real sense of his ebullient charm. A list of his works, a list of recordings, a chart of contemporary events in the world of his time, and pleasing illustrations add to the value of the book.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, written and illustrated by James Daugherty (Viking). In a time of paper shortage, this deluxe, seven-by-eleven-inch volume is rather startling, but Daugherty's distinguished lithographs in rich browns and blacks are worthy of their publishers' lavishness. They emphasize the sad-eyed and sombre Lincoln. The text provides a full-bodied yet admirably condensed life, which is never written down to its youthful audience. If the book errs, it is on the side of soberness, almost of over-dedication, and occasionally the author seems to be trying to make his own prose, and even Lincoln's, sound like Walt Whitman. (He sets the Gettysburg address in the form of vers libre!) But he writes with an intensity which should carry any child over fourteen through this short biography with real absorption.

BOOKS on specialized subjects include the following:

AVIATION AND MECHANICS

"Types of Planes," by Aviation Research Associates, Norman V. Carlisle, editor, illustrated by Thomas F. Lube (Harper). On airplane design and construction. ... "Young America's Aviation Annual, 1944," edited by David C. Cooke (McBride). The latest aeronautical developments, chiefly, of course, in war planes, with official Army and Navy photographs. ... "A Boy and a Motor," text, drawings, and photographs by Raymond F. Yates (Harper). A brief history of motors and clear directions for making and running simple electrical motors, transformers, and so on.... "Elements of Mechanics," by Capt. Burr W. Leyson, illustrated with diagrams and photographs (Dutton). How modern machinery developed and how such things as pumps, gears, and bearings work.

MUSIC

"The Magic Flute" and "Boris Godunoff," both books adapted from the operas by Robert Lawrence, the first illustrated by Paul Kinnear, and the second illustrated by Alexandre Serebriakoff and Paul Kinnear (Grosset & Dunlap). Two of an excellent series of inexpensive books which tell the stories of the operas, picture them in effective, bright colors, and give the music of their principal themes and arias. ... "Work and Sing: A Collection of the Songs That Built America," selected and arranged by Elie Siegmeister, illustrated by Julian Brazelton (William R. Scott). Chanties, cowboy songs, and songs of the farmer and the laborer from the earliest days to today comprise this collection of musical Americana, presented in attractive and usable form.

SUMMER DIVERSIONS

"Savor and Flavor," written and illustrated by Lee Maril (Coward-McCann). A pretty book on the wild berries, with comments on their uses, botanical notes, and legends and other bits of information about them.... "Let's Build," text, pictures, and diagrams by Constance Homer Crocker (Houghton Mifflin). A picture book on carpentry for young children, with directions for making many simple things.... "Games to Make and Play at Home," by Joseph Leeming (Appleton-Century). Lots of wholly new games, with rules and construction plans which are easy to follow.

NOTE: There is a new Hans Andersen, an edition particularly happy in format (Heritage Press). Jean Hersholt made the selection of twenty-five stories and gave them a new and lively translation, and Fritz Kredel has interspersed the text with many small drawings in line and color wash which fit the fairy tales better than most illustrations have done in the past. —K. S. W.

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From a report issued by the International Labour Conference at Philadelphia*]

Now although in law there is a distinction between a Member, which is the State, and the ratifying authority of that Member, which is normally the executive subject or not as the case may be to a requirement of parliamentary approval, no reasonable man would purport to place a Member, which can only act for international purposes through the authority responsible for its international relations, under an obligation to do something if that one authority through which the Member can act can obtain its own consent to so doing.

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A name that means more than a firm or a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

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